★ April 3, 1943

# THE NEW YORKER

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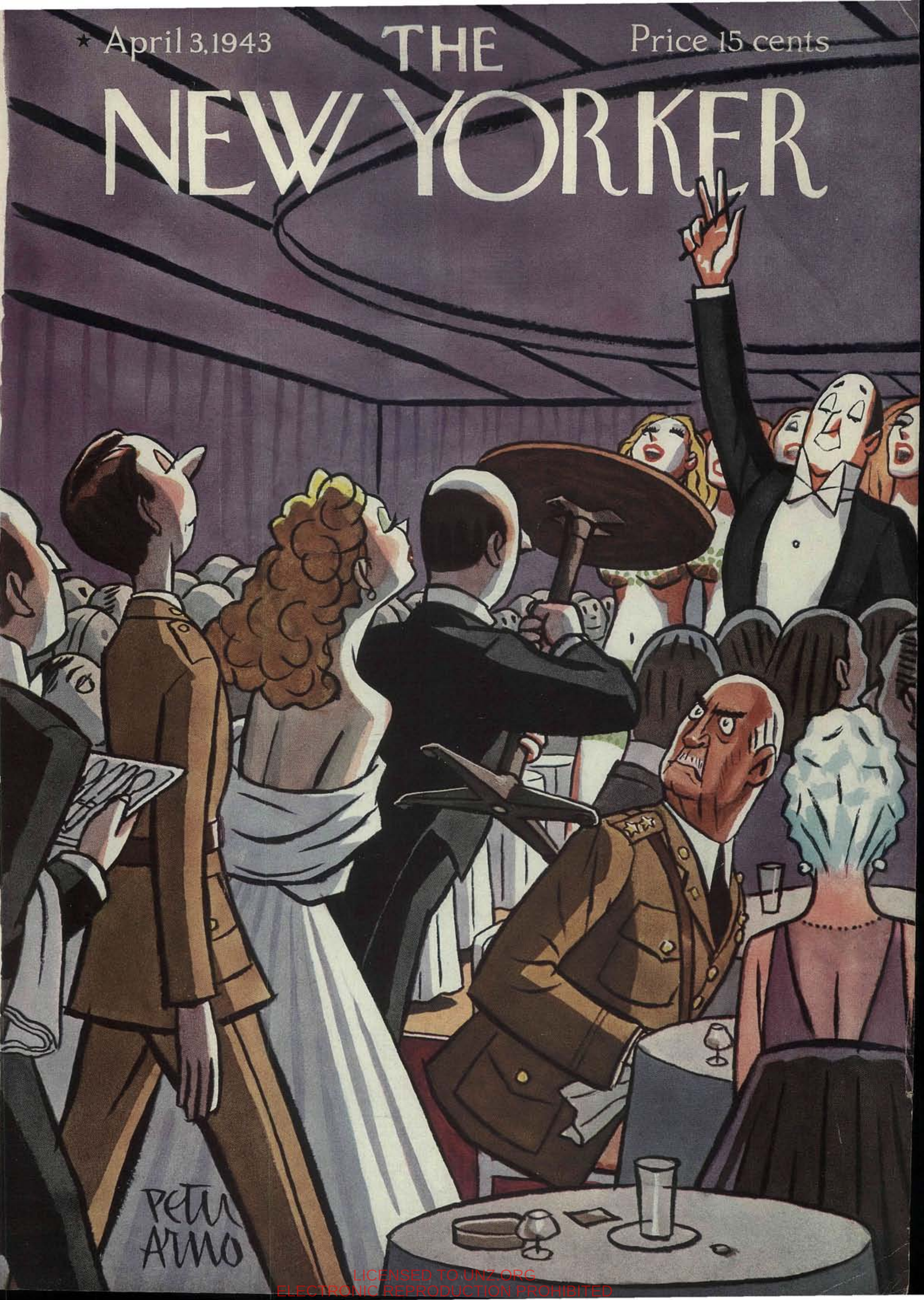

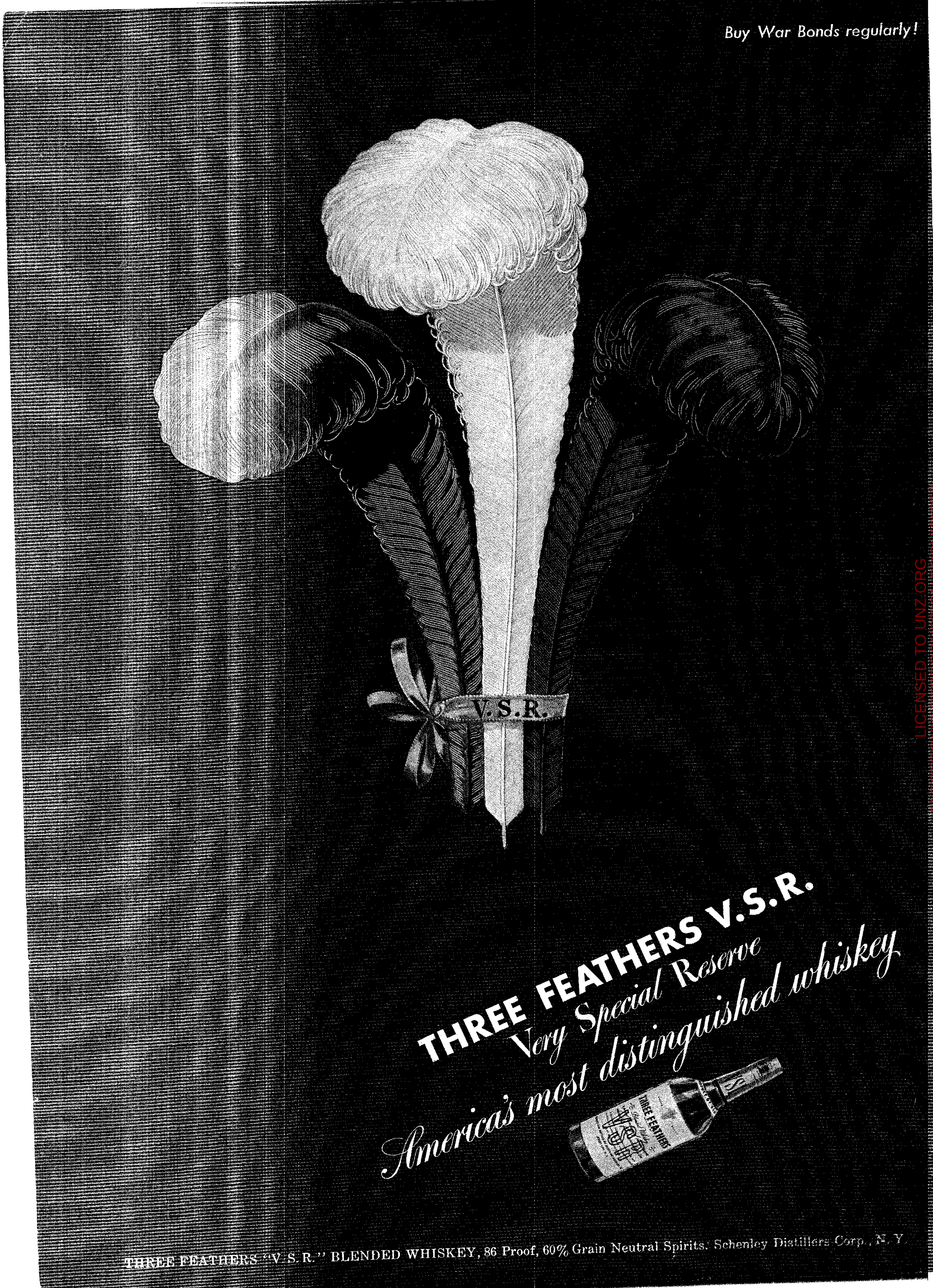

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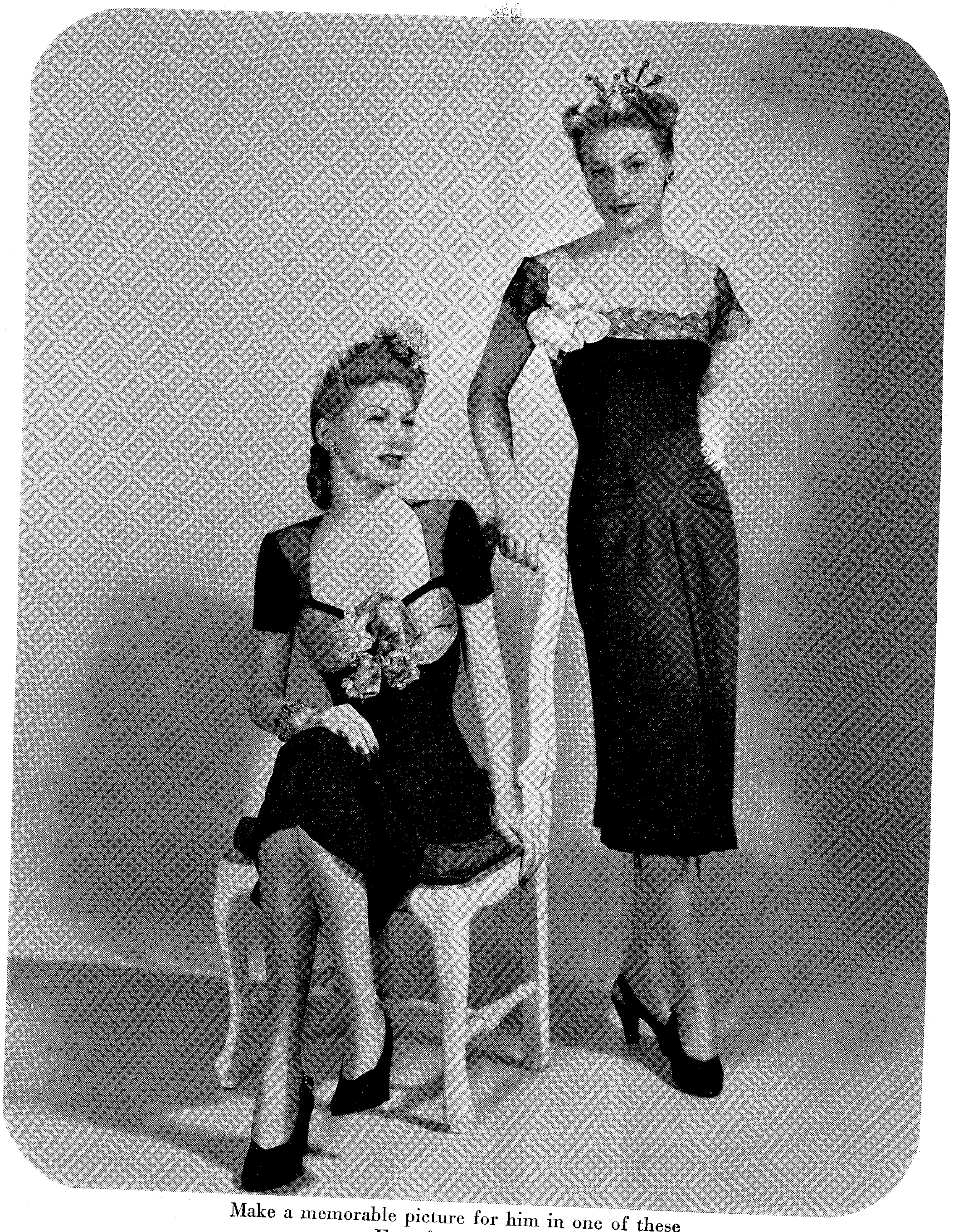

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 10.

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Angel Street**—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

**Arsenic and Old Lace**—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon heads the cast in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special performance Sun. Eve., April 4, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

**Blithe Spirit**—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**Counselor-at-Law**—A revival of Elmer Rice's play concerning a shyster lawyer who has a heart of gold. Not as topical as it was in 1931, but still good enough entertainment. Paul Muni again heads the cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**Counterattack**—An episode on the Russian front which might be a little more exciting if everybody was just a bit tougher. Morris Carnovsky and Sam Wanamaker are two Red soldiers; Barbara O'Neil is a beautiful Nazi nurse. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**Dark Eyes**—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. The co-authors, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, play a large part in all the uproar. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Doughgirls**—A farce about present-day Washington that seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Eve of St. Mark**—Maxwell Anderson deals with the tragedy on Bataan in an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Harriet**—Helen Hayes splendid as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Janie**—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**Junior Miss**—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**Kiss and Tell**—Typical George Abbott comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Life with Father**—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney still play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Patriots**—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast including Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, and Madge Evans. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Pirate**—S. N. Behrman provides a field day for the Lunts in this handsome costume piece, which has, however, its leisurely moments. The cast also includes Estelle Winwood, Clarence Derwent, Lea Penman, and Alan Reed. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Richard III**—This is the one about the king who murdered his way to the throne, but it makes a fairly tiresome play. George Coulouris and Philip Bourneuf are largely in charge of the dirty work. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**The Skin of Our Teeth**—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family which survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superior cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Three Sisters**—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and many other talented people in a revival of Chekhov's play about the ladies who are sick of the suburbs. Guthrie McClintic is the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., April 3.)

**Uncle Harry**—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Scheduled *to open too late for review in this issue:*

**The Family**—A play by Victor Wolfson, based on Nina Fedorova's novel of the same name, with Lucile Watson, Carol Goodner, and Evelyn Varden. Staged by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Oscar Serlin. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., April 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

### WITH MUSIC

**By Jupiter**—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Lady in the Dark**—Gertrude Lawrence back again in this fantasy about a young woman who tried to combine love and the magazine business. The supporting cast is not quite what it was. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

**Show Time**—George Jessel, Jack Haley, and Ella Logan. Just another vaudeville show, but this time well worth your money. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., April 3.)

**Something for the Boys**—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured comedy, which also contains Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

**Sons o' Fun**—Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience in the old "Hellz-a-Poppin" fashion. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., April 1, at 2:30.)

**Star and Garter**—Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Clark in a musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Rough stuff, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled *to open too late for review in this issue:*

**Oklahoma!**—A musical version by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II of Lynn Riggs' play "Green Grow the Lilacs." Staged by Rouben Mamoulian and produced by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

**Ziegfeld Follies**—A new edition of an old classic—the first in almost ten years—with Milton Berle, Ilona Massey, Arthur Treacher, and Jack Cole. Produced by the Shuberts, Alfred Bloomingdale, and Lou Walters. Opens Thurs., April 1. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**Red Cross Benefit**—One of those big, all-star shows, with just about everybody from Broadway and Hollywood in it: Mon., April 5, at 8:15 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

**National Variety Artists**—Milton Berle, Billie Burke, Jimmy Durante, and many others in this group's annual show; a benefit for the Father Duffy Canteen: Sun., April 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Alvin, 52, W. For tickets, call CI 6-3443.)

**Stars on Ice**—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**Children's Entertainment**—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sat., April 10, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543.)

## BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

**Ballet Theatre**—"Swan Lake," "Pillar of Fire," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., April 1; "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka" (Stravinsky conducting), "Pas de Quatre," and "Gala Performance," Fri. Eve., April 2; "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Coppelia," Sat. Aft., April 3; "Aleko," "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., April 3; "Giselle," "Three Virgins and a Devil" (with Agnes De Mille), and "Gala Performance," Sun. Eve., April 4; "Swan Lake," "Aleko," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Mon. Eve., April 5; "Swan Lake," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Capriccio Espagnol" (with Argentinita), Tues. Eve., April 6; "The Romantic Age," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Bluebeard," Wed. Eve., April 7; "Billy the Kid," "Petrouchka" (Stravinsky conducting), and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Aft., April 10; "Billy the Kid," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Sat. Eve., April 10. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

**Dance Recitals**—At the **studio theatre,** 108 W. 16 (CH 2-9819): Charles Weidman, with Florence Lessing and Peter Hamilton, Fri., April 2 and 9, at 8:45 P.M. . . . José Limón, with Florence Lessing and the Humphrey-Weidman Company, Sat., April 3, at 8:45 P.M. . . . Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman continuing a series of recitals, Sun., April 4, at 8:45 P.M. . . . **central high school,** 225 W. 24 (for tickets, call ST 9-1391):

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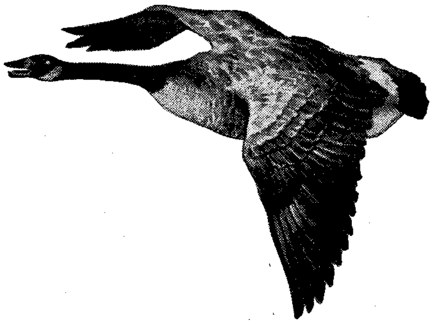

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, with their company, Sat., April 10, at 8:30 P.M.

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

**AMBASSADOR**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra will replace Larry Siry's in the Trianon Room on Thurs., April 8.

**BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room offers an ice show, with Hazel Franklin, and music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

**CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra help put the emphasis on swing.

**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Jimmy Durante and other entertainers against a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra stripes to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

**LARUE**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Joseph C. Smith's orchestra, which has been there forever, will be replaced on Fri., April 2, by Michael Lo Scalvo's. Eddie Davis's orchestra will stay on.

**MONTE CARLO**, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra plays for dancing in this well-got-up room.

**PIERRE**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has the most regal-looking waiters in town, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra and a small show. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

**PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde will return to the Persian Room on Tues., April 6, replacing John Hoysradt, who is currently entertaining there. Bob Grant's orchestra will continue to be around. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

**ST. REGIS**, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room is a sort of junior palace, now housing Larry Keyes' orchestra. . . . You'll find Freddy Miller's and Bob Simone's orchestras downstairs in the Maisonette, where much is made of Viennese waltzes.

**SAVOY-PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The gay Café Lounge offers songs by Marthe Errolle and dance music by Russ Smith's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

**STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, who is entertaining in the Wedgwood Room during the supper hour, will be replaced on Fri., April 2, by Alec Templeton. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra will continue to be on hand all evening, and Mischa Borr's orchestra will stay on to help entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

**SUPPER CLUBS**—Entertainment but no dancing—LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan is by no means the only competent entertainer here. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): among others, there's Spivy herself, singing those hearty songs. . . . LA VIE PARISIENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): offering a small show, in addition to the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

**MISCELLANEOUS**—At the VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske has settled down in this large and lavish place, which also offers Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. . . . CASBAH, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Arab might have trouble recognizing it; Don Carlo's orchestra and a small show. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some other entertainers. . . . RIOBAMBA, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a show headed by Frank Sinatra, and, through Tues., April 6, Sheila Barrett and Walter O'Keefe; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . MON PAREE, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): big, stylish murals, a medium-sized show, and a smallish dance floor; Bill Glass's orchestra. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 10.**

●

**BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE**—At the HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band are playing here, which should be all you need to know. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy. . . . LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal, at least. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a show headed by Diosa Costello, with Machito's rumba band—all in a tropical setting. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): the humor of Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.

**MOSTLY FOR MUSIC**—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins.

**FOREIGN FLAVOR**—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

## ART

**ABSTRACT**—At the RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: seventh annual show of the American Abstract Artists, with works by A. E. Gallatin, Hananiah Harari, Fernand Léger, Piet Mondrian, and others. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 25. . . . WILLARD, 32 E. 57: Herbert Bayer shows his new works. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

**AMERICAN SCENE**—Forty paintings on American subjects, from as far back as John Frederick Kensett and Eastman Johnson on up to Marsden Hartley: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 10.

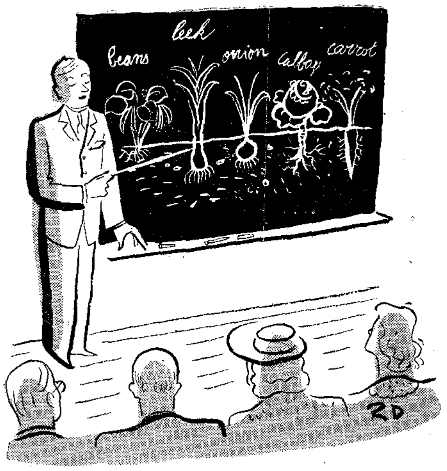
**ART OF THIS CENTURY**, 30 W. 57—Georges Braque, Salvador Dali, Paul Klee, and other moderns showing two paintings apiece—one early, the other recent. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 10.

**DARREL AUSTIN**—Retrospective show of oils and drawings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 8.

**FRENCH**—Oils and prints by Max Ernst, André Masson, Joan Miró, and others: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

**WILLIAM GROPPER**—Oils and water colors of the last few years, with war as the principal theme: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

**GROUPS**—At the MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: recent canvases by new and old members of this gallery's large group. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 3. . . . MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: a showing of new works by Alan Brown, Percy Albee, and others associated with this gallery. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 2. . . . DOWNTOWN, 43 E. 51: spring exhibition of paintings by artists associated with this gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 24.



**CARL HOFER**—Figures, flowers, and landscapes painted before 1939; also, a group show by modern American and European artists: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 10.

**AUGUSTUS JOHN**—A selection of oils and drawings by this well-known British artist; also, paintings by Bruce Mitchell, Everett Shinn, Max Weber, and others: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 17.

**MORRIS KANTOR**—A group of oils, with Cape Cod and the war as subject matter: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

**JOHN KOCH**—Recent landscapes and figure paintings: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 17.

**OSKAR KOKOSCHKA**—A showing of oils, lithographs, drawings, and water colors: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 24.

**THOMAS LO MEDICO**—Sculptures, mostly recent: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

**MATTA**—Drawings in pencil and water color: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., April 5.

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82—Prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through June 30); also, photographs and water colors of works by Shaker craftsmen, from the Index of American Design (through April 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

**PIET MONDRIAN AND MARIA**—New paintings by the first; sculptures of South American subjects by the second: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 17.

**ISAAC LANE MUSE**—Recent water colors in his first show here: Artists', 43 W. 55. Weekdays 1 to 7 P.M.; through Mon., April 5.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures (through May 9); also, original drawings and photographs made for *Yank*, featuring the work of Sergeant Howard Brodie (through April 18). Peter Blume's "The Eternal City," recently acquired by the Museum, is now on view. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

**MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, 24 E. 54—Paintings by contemporary Americans, including Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 30.

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Seventy-sixth annual of the American Water Color Society. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 14.

**NINETEENTH CENTURY**—Paintings by Corot, Degas, Monet, and others: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

**GEORGIA O'KEEFFE**—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 22.

**WALTER QUIRT**—A Midwestern artist brings some of his latest paintings to town: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 17.

**GEORGES SCHREIBER**—People and scenes of the South on canvas: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 10.

**CHAIM SOUTINE**—First New York showing in some years by the foremost European Expressionist: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 16.

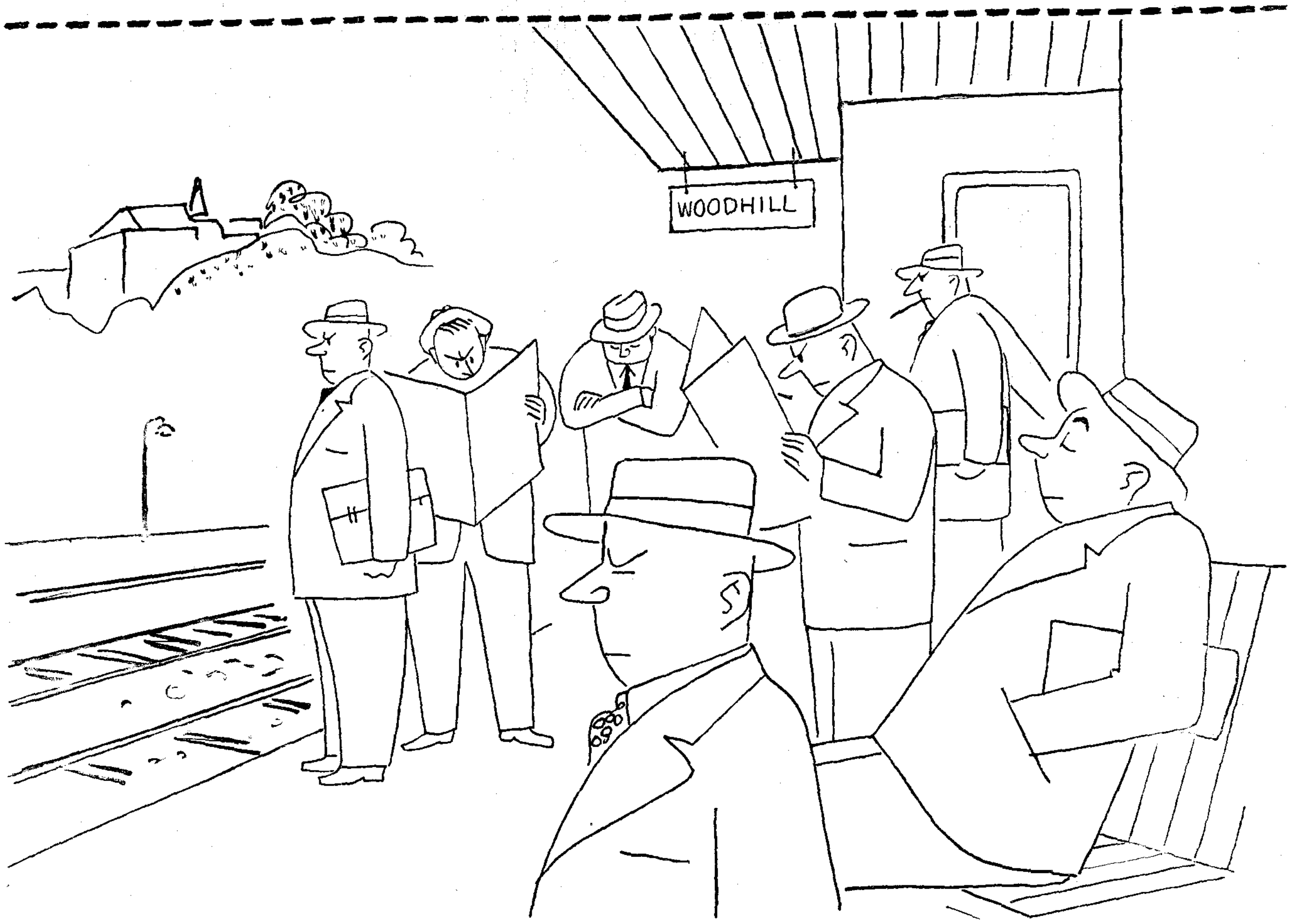
**TOULOUSE-LAUTREC**—Lithographs, posters, and drawings by this master of the graphic arts: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.

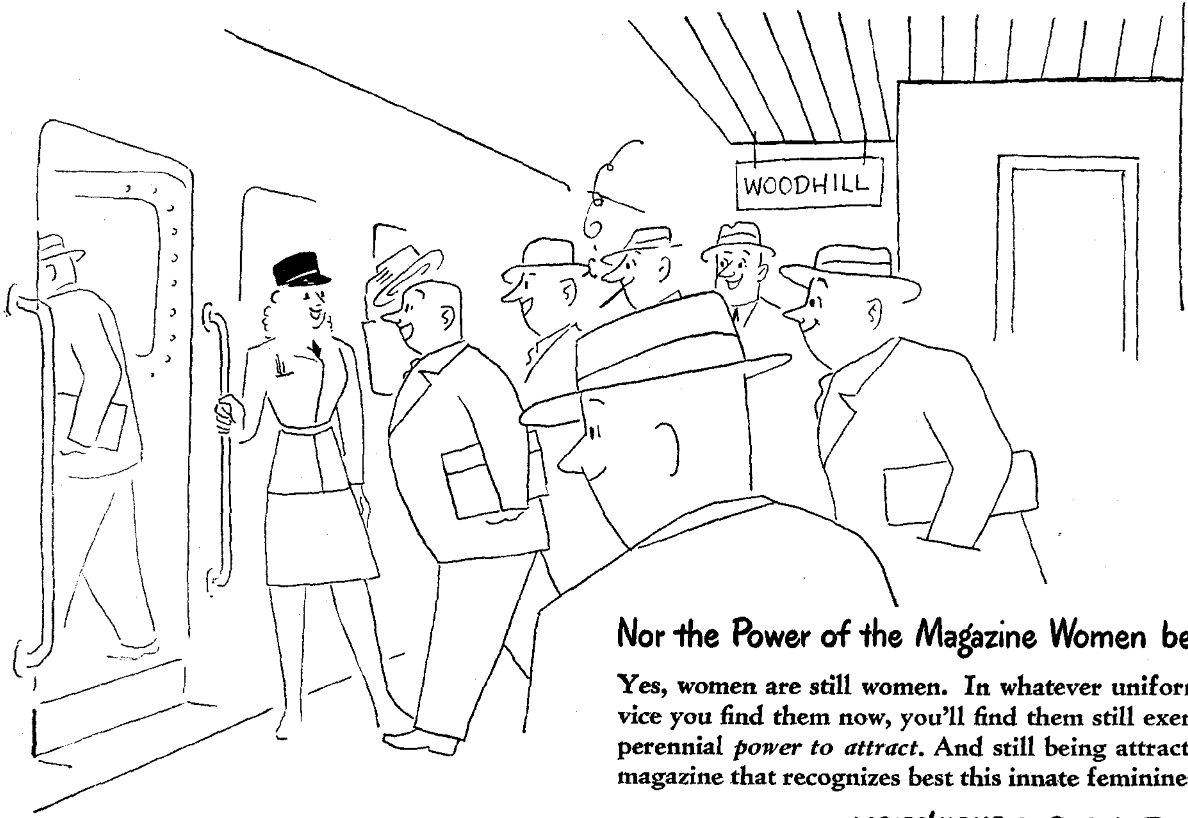
**MAURICE VLAMINCK**—Oils painted about thirty years ago: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 24.

**MAX WEBER**—Recent paintings by a veteran American modernist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3.

**HERE AND THERE**—At the GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 18 E. 57: Marcel Vertès shows his versatility in various media. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 17. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings of Maine by Dahlov Ipcar. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 3. . . . KLEEMANN, 65 E. 57: paintings by Albert Sterner. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 10. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: landscapes and figure paintings by Emory Ladanyi. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 2. . . . NORLYST, 59 W. 56: canvases by Jimmy Ernst. Tues., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 14. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: pastels and oils by Gunvor Bull-Teilman, shown for the benefit of the American Friends of Norway. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 10. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57:

# Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





## Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

Yes, women are still women. In whatever uniforms or service you find them now, you'll find them still exerting their perennial *power to attract*. And still being attracted by the magazine that recognizes best this innate feminine attribute.

**LADIES' HOME JOURNAL**

***The World's Largest Audited Magazine Circulation***

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 10.

paintings by Joseph DeMartini. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 17.

## MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—Carnegie Hall—Fritz Reiner conducting: Fri., April 2, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., April 3, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., April 4, at 3 P.M. Bruno Walter conducting: Thurs., April 8, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., April 9, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloist: Gregor Piatigorsky, April 3-4.)

**Boston Symphony**—Serge Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., April 1, at 8:45 P.M. and Sat., April 3, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., April 2, at 8:30 P.M.

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting (highlights: the Westminster Choir, Stella Roman, Kerstin Thorborg, Frederick Jagel, and Julius Huehn): Carnegie Hall, Tues., April 6, at 8:45 P.M.

**Bach's St. Matthew Passion**—At the METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (for tickets, call EL 5-6800, Ext. 30): a stage version, with a cast of mimes headed by Lillian Gish and with Leopold Stokowski conducting the Collegiate Chorale and a student orchestra; Fri., April 9, at 8:45 P.M. . . . BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): Carl Bamberger conducting the Brooklyn Symphony Orchestra, the Brooklyn Oratorio Society, and other groups; Tues., April 6, at 8:15 P.M.

**Chamber Music Series**—Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players, assisted by Rudolf Serkin, the New Choral Group, and others: Town Hall, Fri., April 2 and 9, at 8:45 P.M.

**Cornell University Chorus**—John Kuypers conducting: Town Hall, Sat., April 3, at 2:30 P.M.

**Operatic Concert**—Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," presented in concert form by the Russian Opera Company: Town Hall, Sat., April 3, at 8:30 P.M.

### RECITALS

**Carnegie Hall**—Robert Kitain, Sun., April 4, at 5:30 P.M.; Vladimir Horowitz, Wed., April 7, at 8:30 P.M. . . . CARNEGIE CHAMBER MUSIC HALL: Robert Goldsand, Wed., April 7, at 8:30 P.M.

**Town Hall**—Janet Bush, Sun., April 4, at 3 P.M.; the Pro Arte Quartet, a benefit for Belgians in Britain, Sun., April 4, at 8:45 P.M.; Samuel Dushkin, Wed., April 7, at 8:30 P.M.

**Elsewhere**—At the WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL, Irving Pl. at 16 (for tickets, call ST 9-1391): Joseph Szigeti, Sat., April 3, at 8:30 P.M. . . . MCMILLIN THEATRE, B'way at 116 (UN 4-3200, Ext. 543): Alexander Kipnis, Sat., April 10, at 8:30 P.M.

### OPERA

**Rosalinda**—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Salmaggi Opera**—"Carmen," Sun., April 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-9177.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—Exhibition games—EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston Red Sox, Sat. and Sun., April 3-4, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Montreal, Tues. and Thurs., April 6 and 8, at 3 P.M. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Dodgers, Fri., April 9, at 3 P.M. and Sat., April 10, at 2:30 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston Red Sox, Sat., April 10, at 2:30 P.M.

**Basketball**—Madison Square Garden: the Manhattan Beach Coast Guard playing the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, and the winner of the National Collegiate Athletic Association and the National Invitation Tournaments playing each other in a benefit for the Red Cross, Thurs., April 1, at 8 P.M.

**Boxing**—Madison Square Garden: Beau Jack vs. Henry Armstrong, catchweights, 10 rounds, Fri., April 2. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.

**Racing**—The local season opens at Jamaica, Thurs., April 8, post time to be announced; weekdays, through May 8. (Experimental Free Handicap, April 8; Paumonok Handicap, April 10.)

**Swimming**—New York Athletic Club, 7 Ave. at 59: National A.A.U. men's championships, Fri. and Sat., April 2-3, at 8:30 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

**The Circus**—The Ringling show in all its old, plain-sawdust glory, with none of the modernistic frills of recent years; admission on opening night by purchase of War Bonds: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., starting Fri., April 9.

**Wartime Exhibitions**—At the CHRYSLER BUILDING, 405 Lexington, at 42: an exhibition, assembled by the Army, of weapons, ranging from pistols to howitzers, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, together with pieces of equipment captured from the Germans, Italians, and Japanese. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15. . . . ROCKEFELLER PLAZA: the first of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, illustrating the accomplishments and aims of the United Nations. Among the features are short recorded addresses, repeated at frequent intervals, by Roosevelt, Churchill, and, in their native tongues, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek. Daily 8:30 A.M. to dusk; through April 11.

**Benefit Exhibition**—A loan show of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture, silver, ceramics, pewter, brass, and historical documents of the Peter Stuyvesant period; also, paintings, sculptures, and etchings by Peggy Bacon, Alexander Brook, Gertrude V. Whitney, and others; a benefit for the Dutch, British, and American merchant marines: St. Marks in-the-Bouwerie, 2 Ave. at 10. Daily 1 to 9 P.M.; through Sat., April 10.

**English Caricatures**—Original drawings and reproductions of works by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century illustrators: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

**Planetarium**—"Weather Signs in the Sky" will be the subject of this month's lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

**On the Air**—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, in a series of broadcasts, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Fri., April 2 and 9, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Philharmonic Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sun., April 4, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., April 4, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Henry Armstrong, Fri., April 2, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Baseball (exhibition games): Dodgers vs. Boston Red Sox, Sat. and Sun., April 3-4, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Dodgers, Fri., April 9, at 3 P.M. and Sat., April 10, at 2:30 P.M.; WHN.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri., April 2 and 9, at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

**Auctions**—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Queen Anne and Georgian furniture, Chinese porcelains, Georgian silver, and English color prints, water colors, and drawings, from the estate of the late Wadsworth R. Lewis: Thurs. through Sat., April 1-3, at 2 P.M. . . . Autographs of American Presidents and other Americana, including maps and first editions, from the collections of John Stuart Groves, the late Wadsworth R. Lewis, and others: Mon. and Tues., April 5-6, at 2 P.M.

## MOTION PICTURES

**Air Force**—All the action, which is naturally plenty, seen by one imaginary bomber crew over the Pacific in December, 1941. John Garfield and Harry Carey, among others. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

**At the Front**—This half-length feature, made in Africa, in Technicolor, by the Signal Corps, has some of the best plane and tank sequences of the war. (Art, 36 E. 8, and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., April 7. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., April 6-8.)

**China Girl**—Wild and woolly story about ruckuses in the Far East—more mature than most. Gene Tierney, George Montgomery, and Victor McLaglen. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., April 2. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., April 6-7.)

**The Human Comedy**—Written by William Saroyan with an overabundance of sentiment but with an abundance of good screen-writing, too. There are also good performances by Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, Jack Jenkins, and others. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

**Immortal Sergeant**—A British patrol lost in the Libyan Desert, with psychological overtones. Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., April 1. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., April 6-7. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., April 7-9.)

**In Which We Serve**—Voted the best picture of 1942 by the Film Critics' Circle, and with a certain amount of justice. It's the one about the British destroyer, by, and with, Noel Coward. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Tues., April 6. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., April 2-5. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., April 3-5. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., April 6-7.)

**Journey into Fear**—Orson Welles has adapted and appears in the scary Eric Ambler story about spies in Turkey. With Joseph Cotten and Dolores Del Rio. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 2. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., April 5. . . . Loew's 42nd Street; Tues. and Wed., April 6-7.)

**Keeper of the Flame**—Thoughtful and exciting film concerning concealed Fascism in America, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., April 7.)

**The Moon Is Down**—An improvement by Nunnally Johnson over the play by John Steinbeck. The cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

**Saludos Amigos**—A long, erratic Disney about South America, in which the good bits outweigh the bad. Donald Duck and others. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 2. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., April 5. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; through Wed., April 7. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., April 6-7.)

**Shadow of a Doubt**—The troubles of a girl whose uncle is up to something fishy. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23, and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., April 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Mon., April 5. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Wed., April 3-7.)

**They Got Me Covered**—Bob Hope happens to be a foreign correspondent in this one, but he's still mainly Hope. Dorothy Lamour tags along. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., April 7.)

**Yankee Doodle Dandy**—James Cagney as the late George M. Cohan in some magnificent chapters, with music, from the great man's life. A grand show, helped, too, by Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., April 7-9.)

### REVIVALS

**Carnival in Flanders** (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. Racy and French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., April 3-6.)

**Daybreak** (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 2.)

**Jamaica Inn** (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 6-7.)

**Kings Row** (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., April 7-9.)

**The Lives of a Bengal Lancer** (1935)—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell—all lancers. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., April 6-8.)

**Pearls of the Crown** (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 1.)

**The Shop Around the Corner** (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., April 2.)

**Stand-In** (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 6-7.)

**Street Scene** (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sydney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., April 6-8.)

**Theodora Goes Wild** (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., April 1.)

**They Were Five** (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. and Mon., April 4-5.)

**The 39 Steps** (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Thurs., April 8.)

**Tom, Dick, and Harry** (1941)—Ginger Rogers and boy trouble. With George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., April 2-5.)

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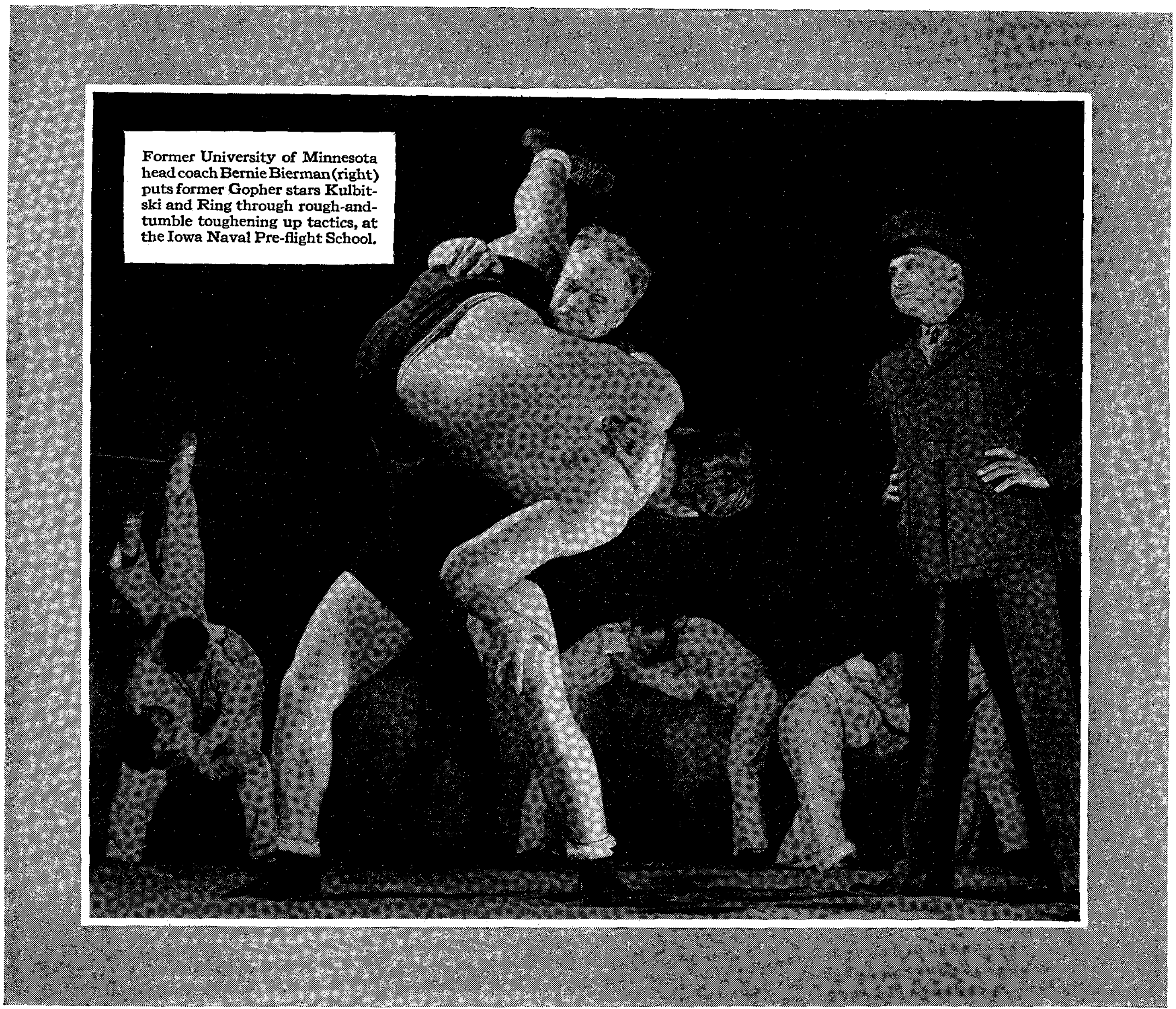


Former University of Minnesota head coach Bernie Bierman (right) puts former Gopher stars Kulbitski and Ring through rough-and-tumble toughening up tactics, at the Iowa Naval Pre-flight School.

# WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?

**"GEE, 236 GOPHERS HAVE GONE TO WAR!"**

The University of Minnesota's Golden Gophers have gone to war.

These football heroes, who won five national championships in the last eleven years, are starring throughout the world in the biggest competitive struggle in history. Of the 1942 squad alone, thirty-six men are now in service.

Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman—former head coach — is at the Iowa Naval Pre-flight School helping make Uncle Sam's future flyers the world's best physical specimens.

Lt. Col. Bert Baston—former end coach and World War I hero — is overseas heading up a motor maintenance outfit.

Dale Hanson, 1940 national intercollegiate wrestling champion, is missing in the Pacific after a spectacular aviation career . . . George (Sonny) Franck is flying with the Navy . . . Harold Van Every and Vic Spadacinni are with the Army's Second Air Force . . . all-Americans all!

In the Pacific, India, North Africa, Alaska —on every front—236 wearers of the Minnesota "M" are today wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam. But wherever these Golden Gophers may be, one of their standing requests is for the famous Sports Section of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune.

Glad to comply is Sports Editor Charles Johnson, who knows how news from home helps fighting men's morale, sees to it that the newspapers get to "M" men.

Emphasizing the will to win, the need for clean living, and the importance of sports in building character, Sports Editor Johnson and his colleagues have made The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune Sports Section outstanding in the nation—not only as a source of complete sports news—but also as a potent force in moulding fine young Americans.

*Charles Johnson*

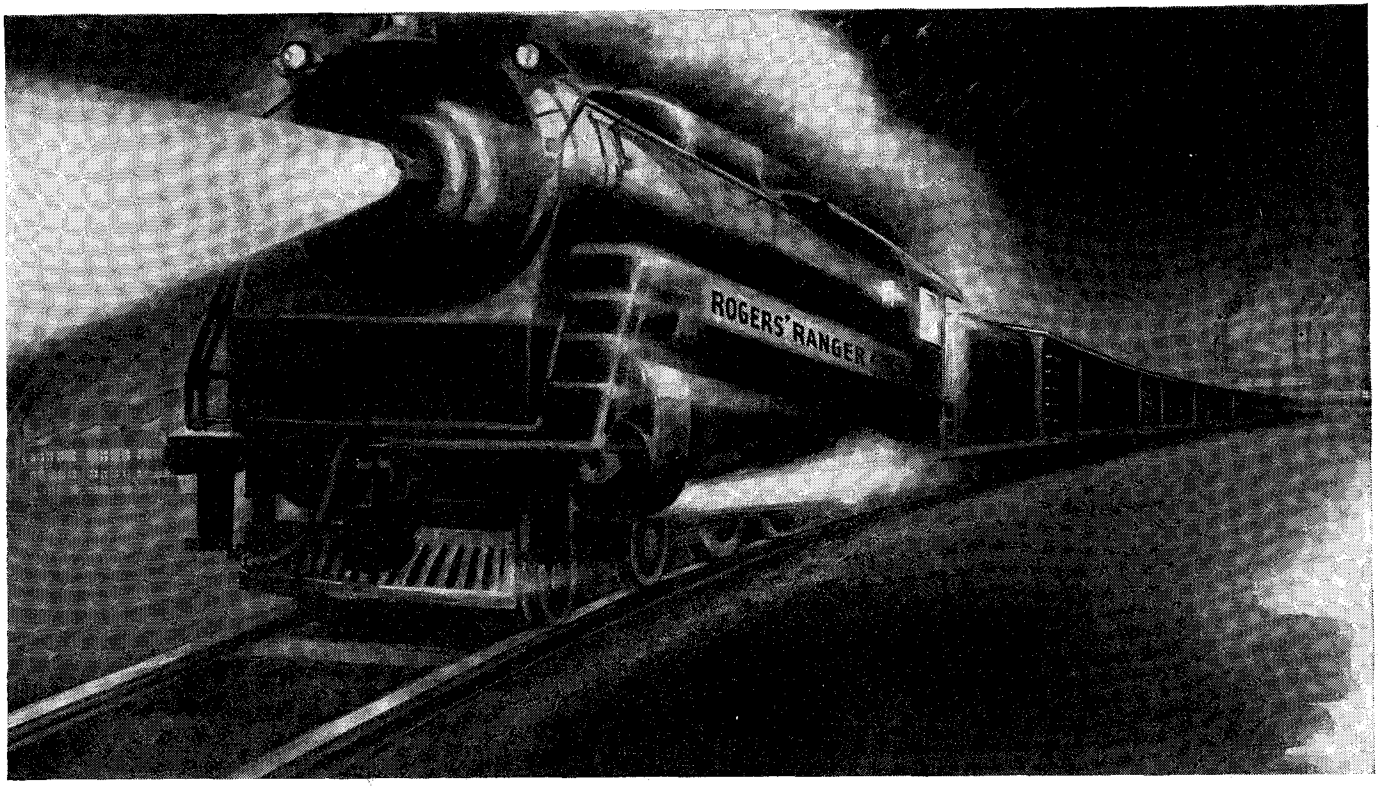
That is one of the reasons why Minnesota's sons stand out in all branches of the service. And that is why citizens of Minnesota and the upper Mississippi Valley—where sports are a vital, year-round interest and almost everyone is a sports fan—put so much faith in The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune... an ally in the cause of sportsmanship . . . a good neighbor and dependable friend.

**Minneapolis Star-Journal *and* Tribune**

JOHN COWLES • *President*

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 300,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 350,000

# Rogers' Rangers still roam New England



THIS giant Boston and Maine Railroad locomotive—one of 78 of our largest "iron horses" which proudly bear names — today carries on, in modern manner, the reputation of the hard-driving Indian fighter for whom it was named.

The valiant Rogers and his Rangers—immortalized by Kenneth Roberts—blazed the trails where now roam these modern "iron horses" of today. Behind these locomotives mile-long shipments roll in and out of five states carrying Yankee-made war material together with food and other products for its busy civilians.

In Massachusetts, in New Hampshire, in Maine, in Vermont and over a corner of New York State the deep-throated whistles of Rogers' Rangers sound, day and night, above the whir and the hum within New England factories—all busy with the tasks of war.

There are 2,000 miles of modern railroad "trail" which our Rogers' Rangers roam today.

Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, Worcester, Springfield, Northampton, Holyoke—are a few of the busy and varied manufacturing centers the Boston and Maine serves in Massachusetts. It serves the large cities of Nashua, Manchester and Concord in New Hampshire; Springfield and Windsor, centers of America's great machine-tool industries; Bellows Falls, shipping point for the important dairy country; White River Junction, Brattleboro and other places in Vermont. Along the seacoast of three states from Boston to Lynn, Salem, Beverly, Gloucester, Newburyport in Massachusetts; into New Hampshire through Portsmouth with its famous navy yard; to Biddeford and Saco, and to Portland, in Maine.

Up through the White Mountains to where giant paper mills bustle in Berlin, just below the Canadian border. Westward through Fitchburg, Gardner, Greenfield and through the famous Hoosac Tunnel, past North Adams, Williamstown and into New York State to join other famous railroad systems at Boston and Maine gateways in Troy, Mechanicville and Rotterdam Junction.

That's but a few of the many towns, cities and villages served by these Rogers' Rangers of the Boston and Maine.

The Boston and Maine is a mobile and a most active part of America's great railroad system—here in the Northeast of our country—sharing with other American railroads, with industry, and with every American the gigantic job of winning the war.

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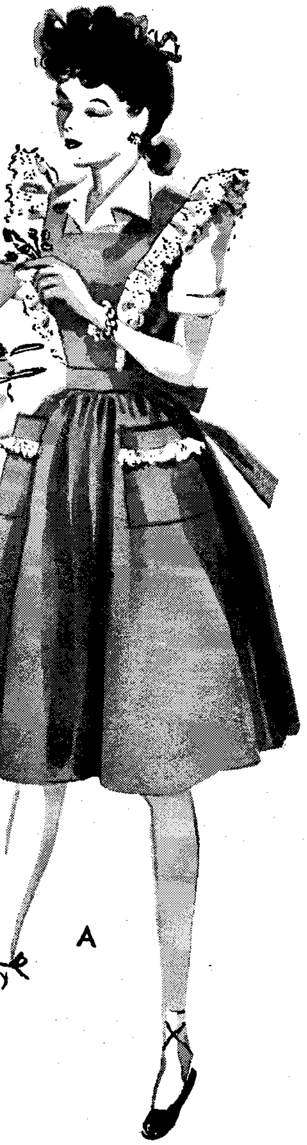
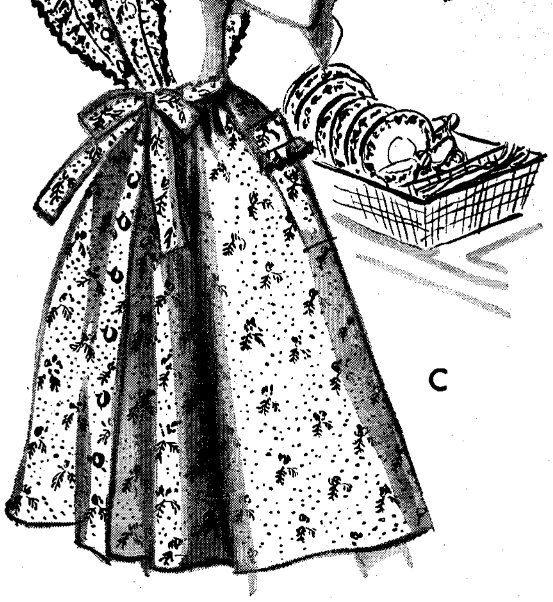


each 9.95



**pretty pinafores at Altman!** Little girl *ruffles and a gay young air. Easy to slip into. Cool,* comfortable and such fun to wear. (A) In blue chambray, ruffles of white eyelet embroidery. (B) Striped chambray pinafore in red and white or blue and white. (C) Glazed chintz pinafore with white mountainberry print on red or blue grounds, green on white, red on white, or blue on rose. All in sizes 10 to 18. White rayon crepe shirt, 5.00.

Altman sportswear fashions, third floor

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

SERVICE STAR NOTE: Now that college athletics are on the wane, the Yale and Harvard Clubs have been reduced to competing in the number and rank of the men they have in the services. The competition would seem to have been conclusively and triumphantly ended by the Harvard Club, which included a tabulation of members in the armed forces in the March issue of its *Bulletin*. At the top of the list, above "Brigadier Generals, 1; Colonels, 15; Lieutenant Colonels, 40; Majors, 52," and so on down, is the modest notation "Commander-in-Chief, 1."

WE took last week's surprise alert calmly, if a pajamaed man suddenly wakened by sirens at five in the morning can be described as calm. "The Germans are coming, all right," said our wife in the first, hazy moment of wakefulness. "Quiet!" we said rudely. In another minute we agreed that it was simply the Mayor again, keeping us on our toes. Both of us put on our slippers and dressing gowns preparatory to going downstairs, as already instructed by our house warden, to the apartment officially designated as our safety zone. The children were taken out of bed, wrapped in blankets, and prepared for transport, and our family fumbled its way downstairs. Our hosts, mere nodding acquaintances, were haphazardly garbed and slightly dazed, like us. There were small "Won't you sit downs?" and gropings in the dimness until chairs were found. Tea was brewed on an electric grill and there was a good deal of hushed conversation. Such impromptu gatherings have taken place often among our allies, of course, but never before in this city. It was a historic moment, with the children thrilled and quiet as mice. Somehow, too, it was homelike and cheerful sitting in the comparative strangers' apartment, drinking tea. We were kind of sorry when the all-clear whistles blew.

ONE thing we know—there will be no token bombing of New York. An air raid or two, yes, probably, but whether Hitler's intention is to bomb us or just to prove that he *can* bomb us, we New Yorkers will make of the occasion something too stupendous to be dismissed with the feeble adjective "token." If even one German plane flies over and drops one bomb, vast and unpredictable upheavals will take place. We may all plunge into whichever river is handier, like lemmings, or we may equally well embark on a bender, or *kermesse héroïque*, with record throngs in Times Square and the velvet rope up at all the night clubs. We aren't Londoners, and it's no use pretending we are. You can't get a preview of the New York raid by reading "Digging for Mrs. Miller." (We'd get Mrs. Miller out of the rubble all right, but not without holding a monster Mrs. Miller Benefit at Madison Square Garden.)

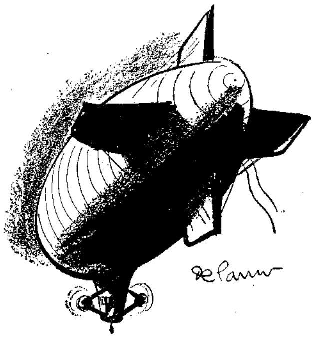
We ourself have a number of good and sufficient reasons for believing that there *will* be an air raid or two. One reason for an attack would be that Hitler surely knows that the quick business-and-pleasure trip to New York, preferably by plane, is the mark of success in any American business or profession. New York's function in this war is to make fatigue pants and to serve as the terminal for airplane trips from the war centres—Detroit, Washington, and Hollywood. The directors of our war economy relax by flying here and flying back home again, cooling their brains in the stratosphere and being fed chicken patty by the short, pretty air-lines hostesses. Once Hitler has made it seem dangerous to be here, some of the innocent fun will go out of the war and our national morale will be lowered. Another consideration is the fact that almost everybody, at one time or another, has experienced a fleeting desire to blow up New York, and there is no reason to suppose that Hitler is one of the rare exceptions. Finally, the *Daily News*, which this time last year was predicting that there would be no congressional elections, is now predicting that there won't be any air raids.

Though the city's general reaction to the bombs is unpredictable, certain specific prophecies can safely be made. The German bombardiers will have no difficulty locating the city, since at least twenty-five thousand families will have gone out for the evening and left their lights burning. There will be a rumor that all the animals have escaped from the Central Park Zoo. At the height of the raid a Harlem lady will be delivered of twins and a prankish interne will persuade her to name them Fragmentation and Incendiary. Assuming that the Mayor is still around, his private car will blow a tire near the corner of Second Avenue and Twenty-third Street and he will be forced to stand in a cigar store until the raid is over. Everybody at the Stork Club will be very cool and collected, as befits military and naval men, and the drinks will be on Mr. Billingsley. There will be a rumor that the Empire State Building has been toppled over by a direct hit. At least a hundred people will manage to drop flowerpots on the heads of wardens. There will be a rumor that German parachutists have landed in Yorkville and are being concealed by the residents. A man disguised

as a warden will be caught trying to break into Tiffany's. Cleopatra's Needle will be smashed by a direct hit and a warehouse full of coffee will go up in flames. The next day the *Daily News* will start campaigning for bomb shelters big enough to sleep seven million people.

## *Harried*

WE give you, as the most harried man of the week, the chief of the Retail Violations Unit of the New York District of the Office of Price Administration, whose region covers the city and seven nearby counties and includes a population of over eight million free-spending and often irritable consumers. Wondering how this official was bearing up these days, we called on him at his office on the third floor of the Empire State last Friday morning, flanked by a representative of the Office of War Information, who acted as escort. The chief, whose name must remain a governmental secret, was, we found, a dapper, mustached gentleman of about fifty, with a white carnation in the lapel of a gray suit and some tenseness in his manner. We shook hands and asked, "How are you?" "Hectic," he replied. He motioned us to a chair beside his desk, which, together with those of his staff, was separated by filing cabinets from a large open floor filled with the other bedlam of OPA. Then he told us that his department, composed of himself, four investigators, and two secretaries, receives and looks into charges brought up by a couple of hundred people a day who write, telephone, or appear personally to complain about price-ceiling violations in this area. More than half of these, as you might well imagine, have to do with food. The chief had just finished telling us this when a tall young man came up to him and said, "Have you got the price on that item yet?" "No," said the official, and the young man left, headed, apparently, for one of the other departments. "See what you can do about that, Harry," the chief called over his shoulder to an investigator. The query, he explained, pertained to the case of two alleged dairy-product violators then being interrogated elsewhere on the floor. "Some of these complaints are fairly foolish," the official said. "Like the woman who wanted to know what she was going to do about her Siamese cat, King Poo, when meat rationing came in, a question obviously not in our department. But they all take up our time."



A couple of the nearby desks were unoccupied, two investigators being out on jobs. Considerable personal investigating is done, but in most cases remedial action is taken by telephone. The office also summons alleged offenders to the office. The two remaining investigators were talking over the telephone, nodding sagely and filling in large forms with pencils. They were taking complaints. We asked the chief if he'd let us see some typical complaints, and when one of the men finished his phone conversation the chief asked him for the last five he had received. These turned out to be from three women and two men—about the average sex breakdown on complaints, we were told—and were reports that a store in the Bronx was asking thirty-three cents for a No. 5 can of tomato juice, that a Manhattan delicatessen wanted fifty-four cents for a pound of pickled tongue, that a Brooklyn grocer was selling salad oil (not supposed to be sold at all last week) to favored customers, that a Nassau, Long Island, shop was getting an over-the-ceiling price for coffee, and that a Brooklyn butcher demanded the purchase of a chicken with every order of beef. "These all may be violations," said the official. "The last—what we call a 'tie-in'—sounds very bad. We'll have some action on all of them within twenty-four hours. If a violator doesn't give us a written affidavit that he'll abstain in the future, he can receive a ten-thousand-dollar fine and a two-year prison sentence. Mostly, they're completely willing to sign the affidavit."

The tall young man returned. "Any action on that item yet?" he said. The chief turned to the investigator named Harry. "What's doing?" he asked. We got up to leave. "My working day of 8:45 A.M. to 6 P.M. has expanded lately to 10 P.M., as well as five out of the last seven Sundays!" the chief called after us. "Good-bye and good luck!" we called back.

## *Fair Exchange*

THIS is a story being told by the Marines who returned from Guadalcanal. Seems a Marine batted down a Jap officer and took away from him a handsome, jewelled dress sword. One of the flying men there offered him fifty dollars for it. The Marine said no, he'd won the sword in battle and didn't want to part with it. The bidding went up to a hundred and fifty, but the Marine still held out. That evening, however, he sold the sword to another Marine, who offered him a carton of cigarettes and two chocolate bars.

## *The Welder Chic*

ALTHOUGH not billed as a fashion show, the exhibit last week at the Hotel Pennsylvania sponsored by the Greater New York Safety Council gave us a few hints on one phase of women's wartime wear. Several booths were devoted to clothes suitable for lady factory workers. The first display we came to, in fact, had a poster saying "Shoe-power will save she-power," a slogan promoting the use of steel-toed shoes for protection from falling objects. We found out right away, though, that this particular product is not actually on the market yet and won't be for several weeks. The young man in charge of the booth told us that his company was being careful not to advertise too widely for the moment. "We don't want the public running around looking for steel toes and having a hemorrhage," he explained. He said that plastic toes, on the other hand, are already available. These, however, resist pressure of only about four hundred pounds, whereas steel toes will permit a lady to drop anything weighing up to a ton on her feet with virtual impunity.

Moving on, we came to the display of Fred Jessar, of Philadelphia, manufacturer of Saf-t Garments for Welders, including a complete line of split-cowhide models for women. A girl outfitted by Jessar, if she went the limit, would have in her wardrobe a coat, pants, a bib, an apron, gloves, chaps, and spats, all to be worn over overalls. The bib is to keep sparks from flying down the neck and the spats are to keep them off the ankles. Saf-t chaps are mainly for summer wear, to be used in place of Saf-t pants. You put them on over the overalls and they protect the front of your legs, leaving the back open to the local air-conditioning. There was a live model on hand at this booth, wearing the summer outfit. She told us it felt lovely. Also on hand was a representative of Mr. Jessar, who said that the ladies'-welding-garment business was growing sensationally. "And when we went in for it a year ago it was peanuts!"

he said. Further along we found the display of H. Childs & Co., distributors of a product known as the Jeep Suit. This is a kind of coverall and comes in light blue, green, navy, and khaki, in a variety of materials including twill, chambray, and covert cloth. An attendant pointed out that all Jeep Suits have double-stitched seams and deep slash pockets and provide complete freedom of action. He also pointed out their simplicity of design. The trend in women's factory wear, he told us, is away from glamour. "We are advising women to be sensible," he said, "both for their own convenience and that of the men who work alongside them."

The booth of the Klear-Vu Products Company, of Newark, featured the Klear-Vu cap, a blue net affair with a transparent blue visor. Part of the display was a placard listing the names of several war plants, including Douglas, Bendix Marine, Remington, and General Electric. A Klear-Vu man who was standing by while we read the list said, "Those are some of the companies that use our caps. This is what is apt to happen in those that don't." He showed us a photograph of a girl with a bald strip running back through the middle of her head. "Got caught in a drill press," he told us. Another visitor strolled into the booth and asked the Klear-Vu man why his caps had blue visors instead of green. "Well, it matches the rest of the cap," said the man, "and besides blue is just as satisfactory as a light shield as any other color." "Green is generally considered the best," said the visitor.

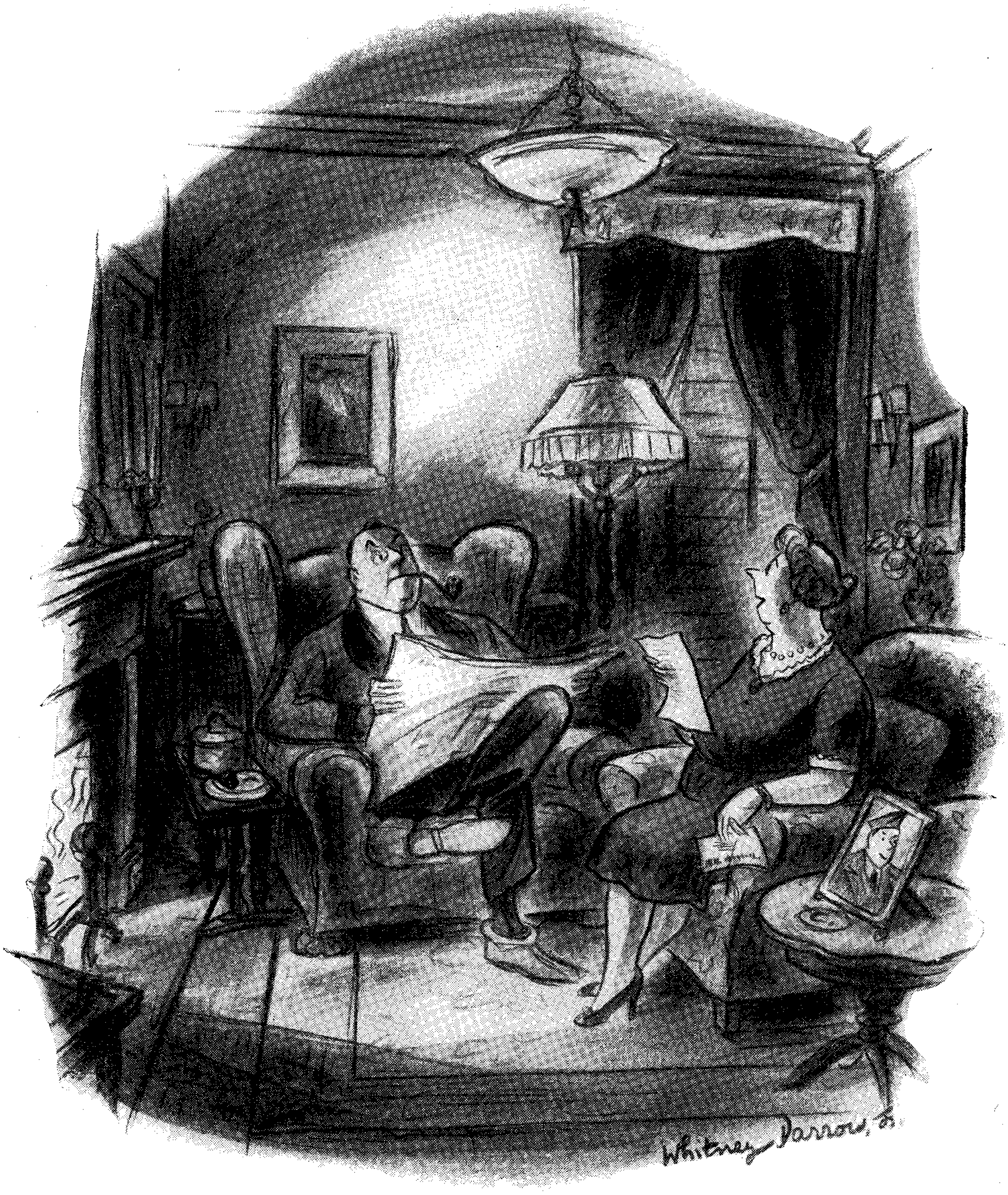
We sidled out before things got too hot and came next to the booth exhibiting Sandra's Hollywood Turbans ("All Colors. Fits Any Head Size. No Loose Ends. Approved by 1,300 Industrial and Ordnance Plants"). The turbans, we read in a pamphlet that was lying handy, are made by the Hollywood Turban Products Company, of South Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The most popular model, we read further, is the Krinkly Kool. "Who's Sandra?" we asked an attendant. "She is known from coast to coast," he told us. "She should be along any minute. I'm hoping to go out and get some coffee." We hung around for a while, but there was no sign of Sandra and we finally had to leave without seeing her.

## *Direct to Consumer*

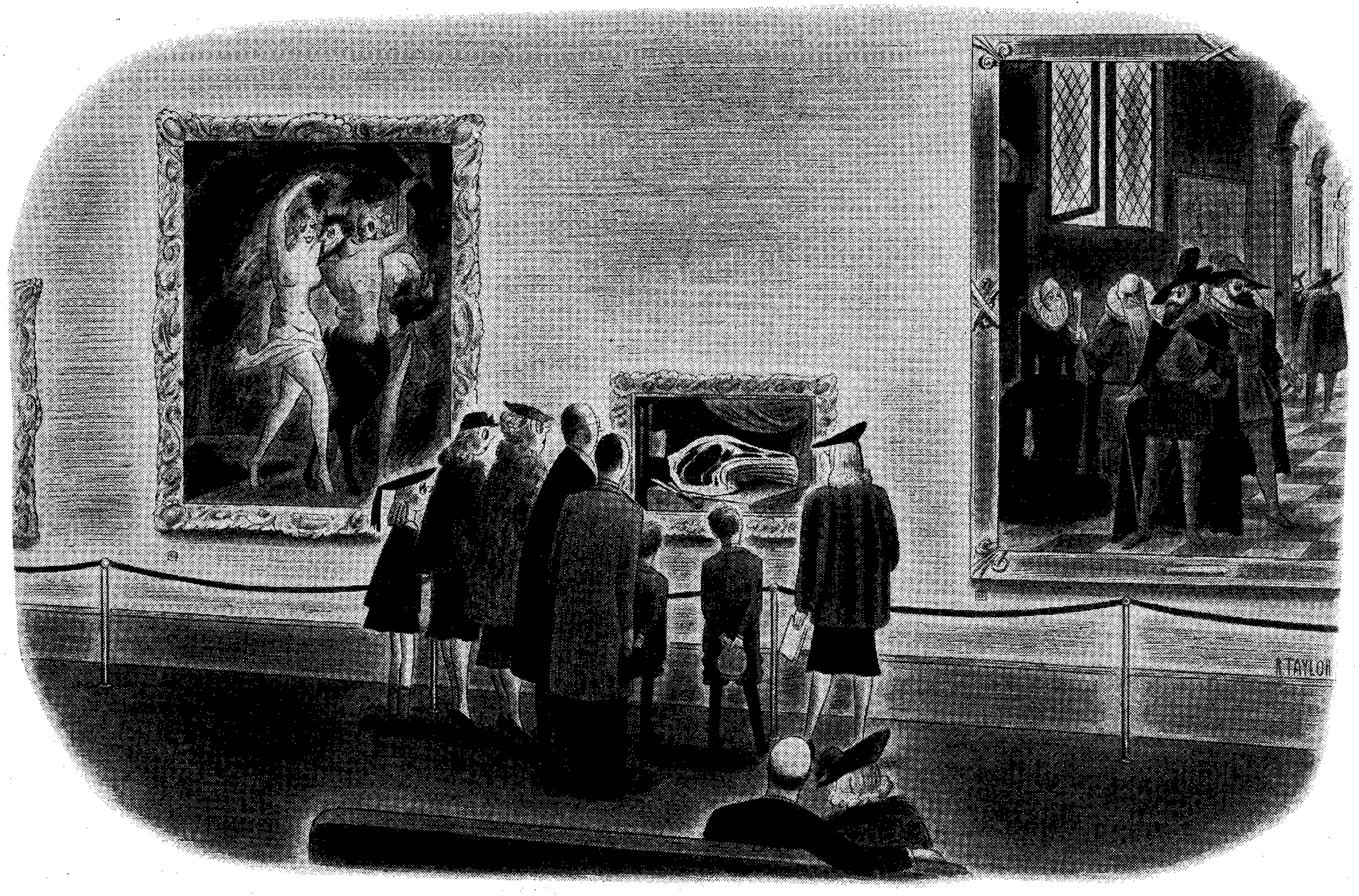
NOT long after the U.S.O. book drive opened, we passed through the lobby of an office building where there was a barrel marked in big letters "BOOKS FOR THE MEN IN THE ARMED FORCES." It was not too surprising, perhaps, that an enterprising member of the armed forces, a thoughtful-looking sailor, was rummaging through the donations. As we watched, he selected three. Two of them he tucked into the pockets of his pea-jacket, and as he strolled away he was beginning to skim through the third.

## *Everybody Doesn't Level*

JOHN SCARNE, who would be a fairly interesting subject at any time, since he is reputedly one of the world's great sleight-of-hand artists, is now a red-hot timely subject; he has, with


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"Ted says the camp is swell. He likes the sergeant and the other fellows fine, and needs more money for ammunition."*



the backing of the General Staff, undertaken to wise up the soldiers so they won't lose their monthly pay to dice manipulators and cardsharps. Scarne, who has been keeping his eye on the social life of Army camps for the past two years purely out of scientific interest, figures that at least $75,000,000 changes hands every month, and that ain't propaganda leaflets. The 750,000 pairs of dice recently purchased by the Quartermaster Corps will probably stimulate crapshooting even further. "Here's the play," said Scarne, who talks and looks a good deal like Humphrey Bogart. "Seventy per cent of the soldiers gamble to pass the time, and my survey showed that one fourth of these laddie boys don't know a load on a crap from a marked card. They get taken for an average of half their monthly pay." Scarne has written a series for *Yank*, exposing various gamblers' dodges and instructing the innocent in the proper precautions; for example, the Scarne cut, which will break up any deck of stacked cards. "It tears the deck to pieces," Scarne told us proudly. "You take a third of the deck out of the middle and put it down. Then you take half of the remaining deck and put it on the pile. Then take the remainder and put it on the pile. It ruins every combination of four or five in the deck."

Crapshooting is a field that calls for extensive education, Scarne has found. He was horrified, for instance, to discover some soldiers making even-money side bets on shots that should properly be as high as thirty-five to one. He's taking care of that by handing out mimeographed tables showing the odds on all shots. Sometimes, too, wiseguys who don't quite dare to cheat will study the peculiarities of a pair of dice until they're able to benefit financially. Then, of course, there are innumerable ways of fixing dice—bevelling the edges, loading, capping the spots with rubber, and so on. "I can't be in on every game, like a nurse," Scarne says. "I tell the boys what to look for and then they're on their own." In spite of the many hazards he's engaged in pointing out, Scarne is all for dice and cards. "It's a way of passing the time that can't be beat as long as everybody levels," he said. "You get an idea of what a job I've got handed to me, seeing that everybody levels."

The late John Northern Hilliard, who used to manage Thurston and was something of an authority on the history of magic and magicians, ranked Scarne as one of the ten best who have ever lived. Scarne told us that he first became fascinated by the black art at the age of twelve, when, at a picnic grove near Fairview, New Jersey, he saw a man who was playing poker slip an ace back of his knee joint for later reference. Instead of exposing the scoundrel, young Scarne went home and practiced until he could hide an ace in his own knee joint. His mother, convinced that her son was coming to no good end, used to burn his cards whenever she found any. "It only improved my skill. I had to practice without her knowing that I was practicing," Scarne said. By the time he was twenty, he could perform one of the tricks most prized among magicians and cardsharps, and one of the most difficult—cutting to an ace with an unmarked pack. He knew six ways of doing this, as a matter of fact. This got him into trouble, or what looked as if it was going to be trouble, with Arnold Rothstein. Rothstein asked for a demonstration, which Scarne obligingly gave. "How long would it take me to learn that?" Rothstein asked hungrily. "An hour a day for twenty-two years," Scarne said. "Well, you aren't twenty-two yet and *you* know it," Rothstein said, looking ugly. Scarne mumbled something about practicing five hours a day for five years and got the hell out of there. He has always associated with dice and cardsharpers as a matter of professional interest but has always levelled in his own card games. "Why, I play poker every week at the Chamber of Commerce in Fairview," he told us. "They even let me deal."

## *Metamorphosis*

A YOUNG Army wife whose husband is stationed in the Hawaiian Islands recently received from him a cabinet-size photograph, obviously intended to reassure her about his health and well-being. It did no such thing, however. The soldier looked subtly transformed. After close study his wife decided that his face was taking on a Japanese cast. She wrote immediately, asking if perhaps the native foods were having some effect on his physiology, or what. This brought a prompt and matter-of-fact explanation. Many of the photographers in Hawaii are Japanese, and when they retouch a picture, they apparently feel it no less than their artistic duty to tilt the subject's eyes upward, darken his complexion, and make him look a little bit the way people were intended to look.

## *Room, Bath, and Chapel*

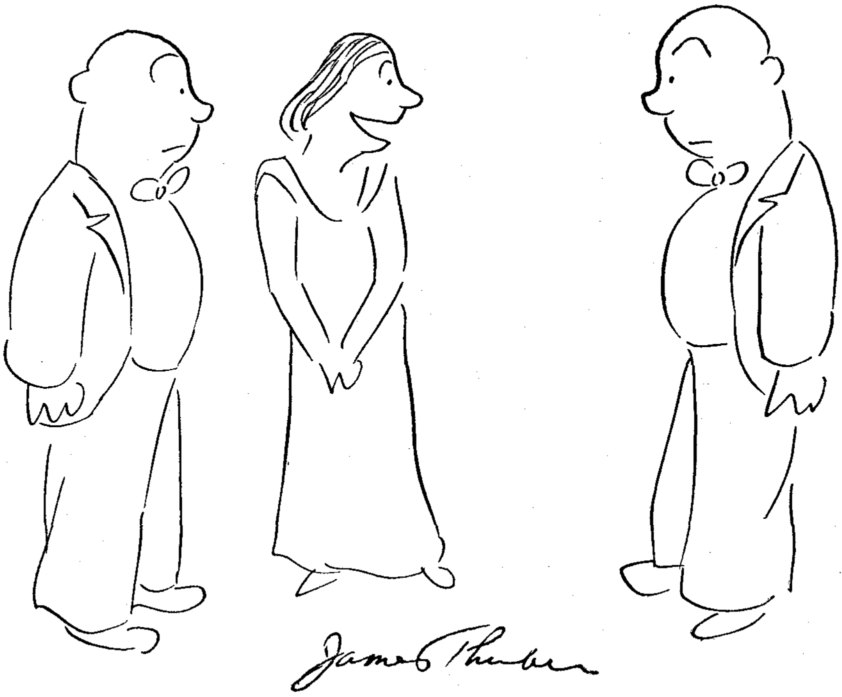
THE Biltmore is just possibly the only hotel in the world that provides a chapel for its guests to meditate and pray in, and why we have waited this long before subjecting the chapel to our professional scrutiny is more than we can tell you. It's on the third floor; just ask the elevator boy for the Meditation Chapel. Under the guidance of a representative of the Biltmore management named Mr. Albert Stevens Crockett, we visited the Meditation Chapel last week and can report that it's a little gem of sacred architecture—non-sectarian, as Mr. Crockett hastened to point out. "Be you Christian, Mohammedan, Hindu, Shinto, or whatnot, the Biltmore wants you to feel that you can come here for solace and peace," Mr. Crockett said softly. Then, more briskly, he added, "It's absolutely unique in hotel history." Like most hotel rooms, it opens directly off a corridor and seems rather small for its purpose. But here the resemblance ends. A crepuscular light filters in through two stained-glass windows (non-sectarian) and falls on an altar which bears a bowl of non-sectarian white carnations. The floor is patterned tile, with a red carpet, and carved wooden pews are arranged along the walls. The roof is vaulted and the general scheme of decoration is Gothic, Mr. Crockett believes, "or maybe Romanesque on a tiny, tiny scale."

After being open to all comers for twenty-one years, the Meditation Chapel was closed for refurbishing a couple of months ago. Now it's probably good for another twenty-one years. It was the idea of a religious-minded attorney named Joseph R. Wilson that the Biltmore should have a chapel. Back in 1922 he approached John McE. Bowman, then the owner-operator of the Biltmore, and suggested that a chapel would be an efficient counterirritant to the hurlyburly of life at the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-third. "The late Mr. Bowman was no religious type of man," Mr. Crockett told us candidly, "but Wilson happened to hit him while the iron was hot. He had just become owner-operator of the Belmont, the Commodore, the Manhattan, the Ansonia, and the Biltmore, and the whisper went up that he was a hotel emperor. Naturally the man is feeling grateful, and therefore why not a meditation chapel?" There was another reason for Mr. Bowman's willingness to build a chapel, Mr. Crockett added—the fact that though not religious in the formal sense, he was, in a specialized way, a spiritualist. "He thought that the big, big hotel man, Gustav Baumann, who was dead by then, guarded and watched over the Bowman projects and Mr. Bowman himself. Naturally, if he can do something religious that will please this spirit that guards over him, it's all to the good."

The architects who were called in to install a chapel submitted plans for one costing a cool quarter of a million clams. Bowman was apparently ready to go through with it, but Wilson, the religious attorney, put his foot down. "He said, 'No, no, no,' to the architects," Mr. Crockett told us. "He said, 'You don't get the idea. Peace and quiet is what we're digging for.' " The plan was radically modified, Wilson gave his O.K., and the chapel was built. About seventeen hundred people visit the chapel in a year, which figures out to a fraction less than five a day and a grand total to date of about thirty-five thousand. Al Smith and Jim Farley have been in it and so has Mrs. Roosevelt. "I wouldn't swear she went in to meditate, but I do know she went in," Crockett said. "And God alone knows how many other famous people have stolen in for a few moments of peace and quiet." "Amen," we murmured.

## *Lost*

AS if we needed any proof that the bottom of the manpower barrel has been scraped, a lady writes in to tell us what's been happening in her apartment building. The other day, when she was alone in the car with a new elevator man, he stopped somewhere in the shaft and asked, in a dazed way, "Any idea where we're at, lady?"



*"Well, the bridge game is off. Ely Culbertson is coming and he wants us all to help plan the post-war world."*

# THE SHAPE, IF SUCH IT CAN BE CALLED, OF THINGS TO COME

FOR a long time I have been haunted by something familiar about a character called Mr. Management, who turned up shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor in newspaper cartoons and the advertisements of certain large corporations. He's the sort of middle-aged man you wouldn't care to trust your daughter with—a bronzed, wasp-waisted old boy with a thatch of curly gray hair and an aimlessly enthusiastic gleam in his eye. Sometimes he's seated at his desk, puzzling over a piece of paper, and sometimes he's out in the shop, smiling with strained cordiality at the union boys. Always Mr. Management is shown clutching a roll of blueprints, either as a token of his desire to make good or else because he's a fetishist and can't help it. It took me quite a while to realize that this was my harmless old friend Mr. Capital, who went off to Canada in a huff after the Presidential election of 1940. He's twenty pounds thinner since he has sneaked back over the border, and he uses a sun lamp and wears a toupee, but it's old Mr. Capital, all right.

I didn't see through this masquerade until Mr. Management began accosting me in the public prints with news of the things he is planning for me when this war has finally blown over. They are exactly like the things that Mr. Capital used to cook up for me, and surely, I reasoned, there couldn't be *two* people who had it in for me that bad. According to one of Mr. Management's manifestoes, I am going to drive a car that looks as if it had been made in one piece by a Czechoslovakian glassblower. Apparently I will be expected to navigate this confection while lying on my belly and will enter and leave it by the rear, horizontally, as if it were a hearse and I a corpse. If so much as a cotter pin drops out, I'll have to put the thing in a drydock. It also appears that I am to be entertained by, or at least compelled to watch, television shows in full color. Airplane travel is going to be compulsory, with direct lines to Reykjavík, Melbourne, Dublin, and dozens of other places where I have no good reason to go, places where I would only get into mischief. Altogether, the prospect is fatiguing.

THE most fidgety postwar dream of them all is the dream of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. As quoted in *Newsweek*, ordinarily a matter-of-fact little publication, these are some of the immediate plans of the telephone technicians:

> A telephone that will answer itself and talk back to you when you come home . . . lighter telephone instruments . . . a little radio gadget that a subscriber could carry with him and that would signal when his phone at home or office is ringing so he could pick up the call at the nearest public phone (walkie-talkies are more complicated but perfectly possible if people want them).

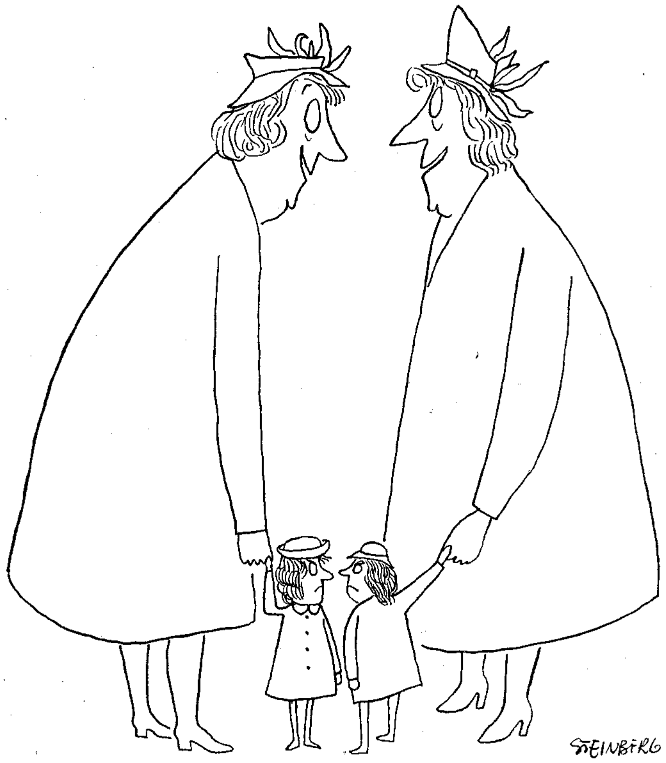
There is something disingenuous about that "if people want them." Who's asking what people want? I would like to ask, for instance, what sort of feeb finds the present telephone instrument too heavy? If a scattered few such wraiths, escaped from the pages of J. K. Huysmans, actually do exist, it's a question whether it should be made possible for them to telephone. What they need is six months in Arizona, not a telephone. However, we're going to get what the boy Edisons choose to give us, not what we need, and by 1946 we'll all be lugging about with us a radio gadget that emits a mean little buzz whenever anybody calls up our house or our office.

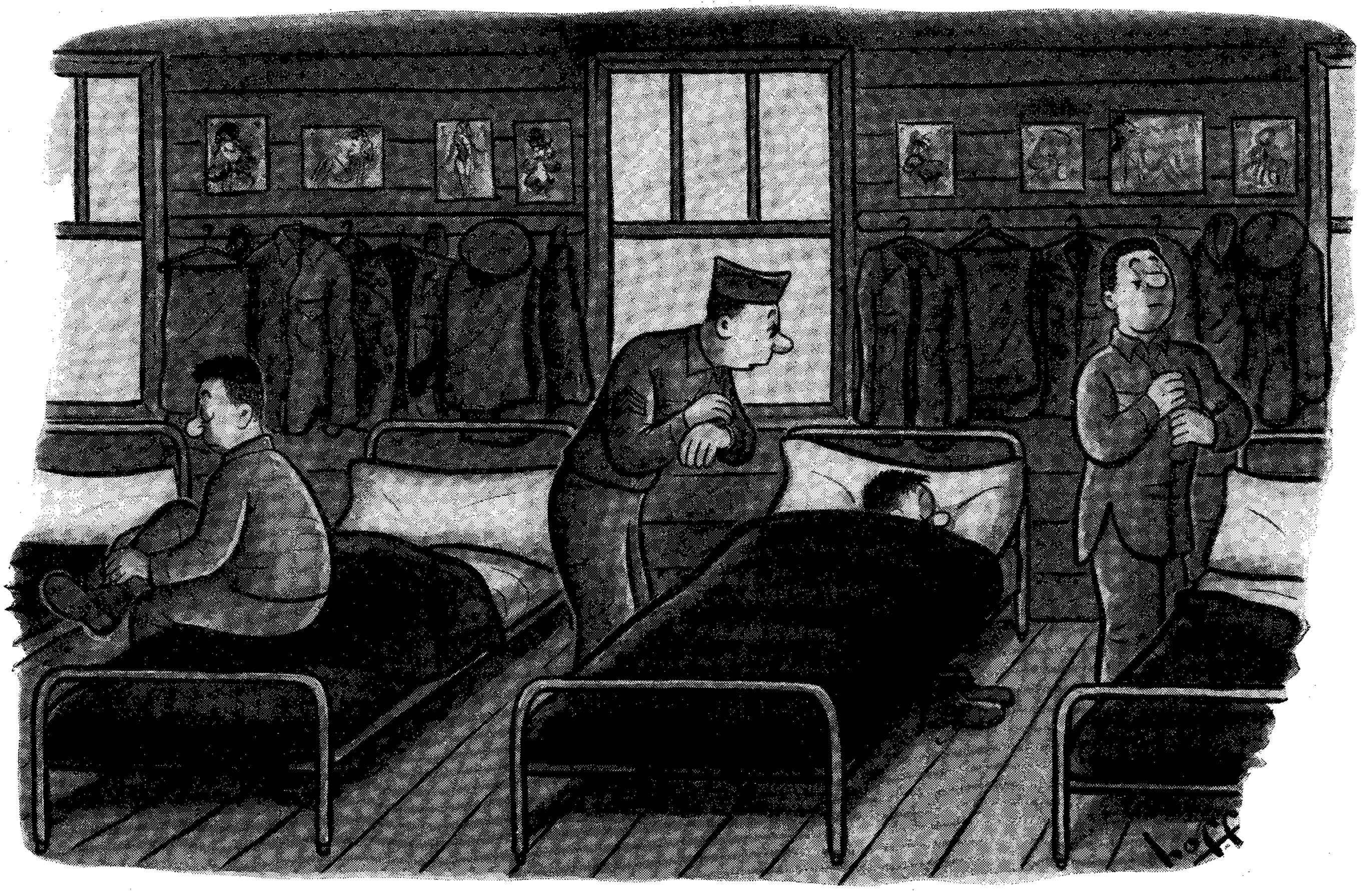
LET us project ourselves into 1946 and imagine that we are following an average subscriber to the Manhattan Telephone Directory as he limps down Lexington Avenue. This subscriber, a Mr. Flake, limps for the same reason everybody else in the city limps: the antenna of his radio gadget is fitted into his left pants leg. His hat contains several coils of wire, weighing a pound and a half, and the rest of the gadget is strapped securely around his waist. Limping along behind Mr. Flake, unseen by him, is a jovial fellow named Joe Belcher. He is a practical joker, and naturally the telephone is one of his favorite fun devices. He was one of the first people to discover that you can cause somebody's telephone to give out a perpetual busy signal by dialling his number from a public booth and not hanging up the receiver; he knows how you make your own telephone ring by dialling 711, waiting until there is a buzz, dialling 6, and then hanging up; and he has won many bets that he could get any number without touching the dial (the secret, of course, is to lift the receiver and tap the bar or button it rests on—once for 1, twice for 2, and so on). It need hardly be said that Joe Belcher also has a walkie-talkie outfit distributed about his person; he was practically the first in town to have one.

Well, anyway, here's Mr. Flake going down Lexington Avenue with Joe Belcher sneaking mischievously after him. Suddenly Mr. Flake's gadget buzzes, causing him, as always, to start violently. He trots into the Graybar Building, enters a telephone booth, deposits a nickel, and picks up his call (somehow or other—this isn't *Popular Mechanics*, you know). A voice says, in a heavy Swedish accent, "Ay ban vant to speak to Mr. Ole Yensen."

"I'm sorry," Mr. Flake says politely. "You got a wrong number." He trots on down Lexington Avenue a few blocks further, and again the gadget buzzes. Mr. Flake darts into a bar-and-grill, puts a nickel into the telephone, and picks up the call. "Hello, Mr. Fish?" the telephone says.

"Wrong number, I'm afraid," Mr. Flake says.





*"I hate to sound like a sergeant, Ralph, but it's ten minutes to six."*

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"Oh, ain't this the Aquarium? Sorry," the voice says. Mr. Flake trudges on a few blocks further before the gadget buzzes again; this time he goes into a drugstore and puts a dime into the telephone, having run out of nickels.

"Hello, Mr. Flake," the telephone says. "I'm calling about the abbadabba of the chutney that we got for you."

"*What?*" Mr. Flake says.

The telephone gives a whoop of laughter and says, "Hey, look behind you, you poor boob." Looking through the window of the booth, Mr. Flake sees Joe Belcher holding his walkie-talkie transmitter in his hand and quaking with innocent merriment. "God damn, more fun than a circus," Joe Belcher says as Mr. Flake emerges from the booth. "Well, can't stand here gabbing all day. I'm coming up and sell you some more insurance one of these days." Mr. Flake now has to face the certainty that when he goes home and picks up the telephone it is going to say, "Ay ban vant to speak to Ole Yensen."

IF the Bell Telephone Laboratories really want to make me happy, they can turn their engineers loose on the problem of building a receiver that will register slams; as it is now, no matter how hard you bang the receiver down, all the other person hears is a genteel click. And, if it isn't asking too much, I'd like the old-type instrument back, so as to be able to touch the mouthpiece with the receiver and create an agonizing howl. Another advantage of doing away with the handset is that it will simultaneously do away with the verb "to cradle," which is found in dense profusion in the modern detective story; e.g., "Grebling stepped over the two bodies to the desk. He dialled his mother's house and lit a cigarette. 'I'll be a little late for dinner, Ma,' he said. Then he cradled the telephone, stubbed out his cigarette, and began to think." A cigarette that can't be stubbed out would also be a good idea, but I can't ask that of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. If, indeed, I can ask anything of them.

—Russell Maloney

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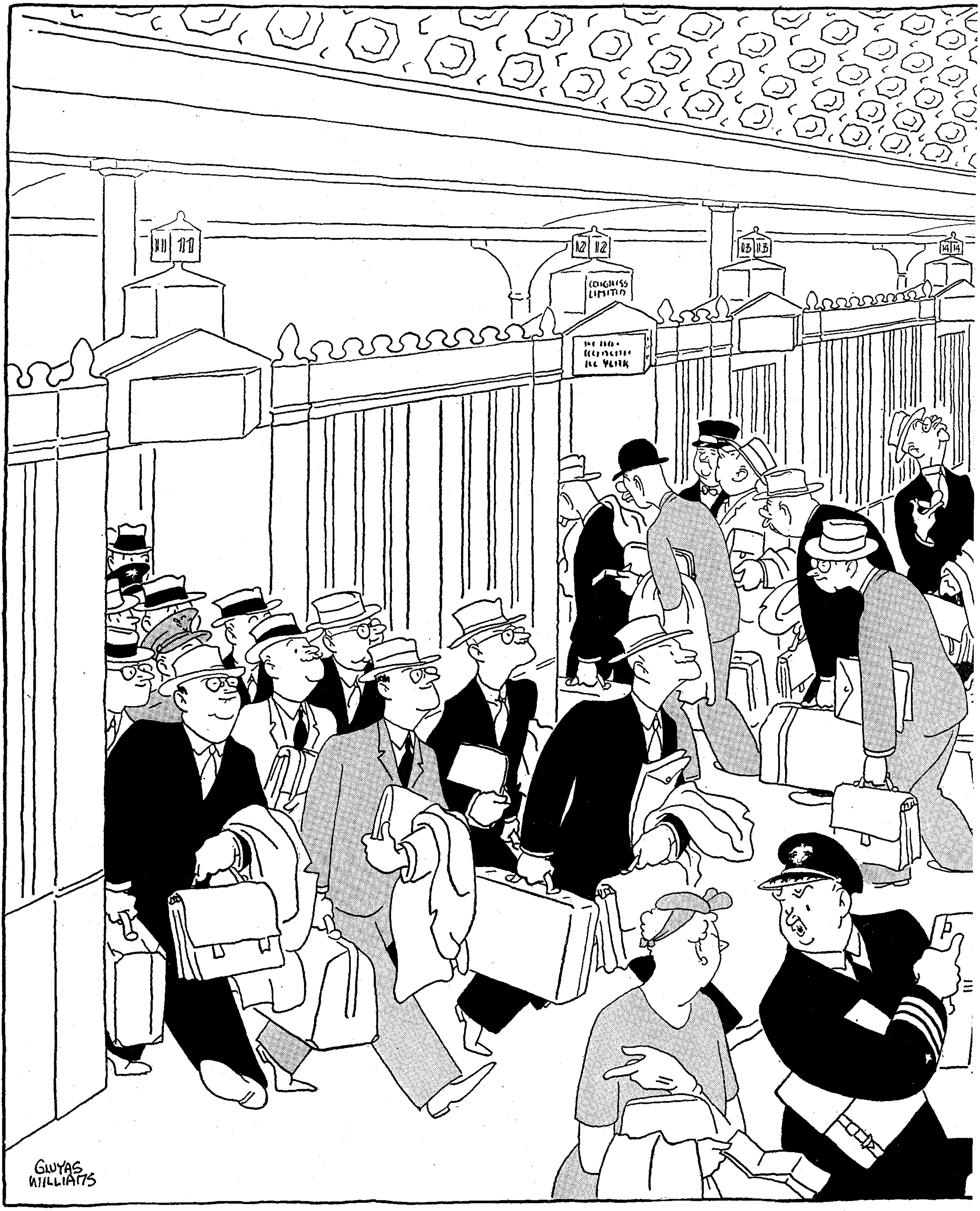
## GERMINAL

Slowly, slowly, without cracking the thinnest varnish,
A building settles.
There are many changes without drama, days without sunset,
Merging of mist and mist, boredom upon boredom;
Cities of fog and dun-colored pigeons;
Lacklustre eyes that see only gray, like the lion.

Drop by drop the last gray day leaks through a rain pipe;
A potato sprout pokes through rotting burlap;
Cold seed, long buried in a crush of mud and sticks,
Begins to stir;
In the vein, in the long vine,
Time matures.

—Theodore Roethke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CONGRESS LIMITED
NEW YORK
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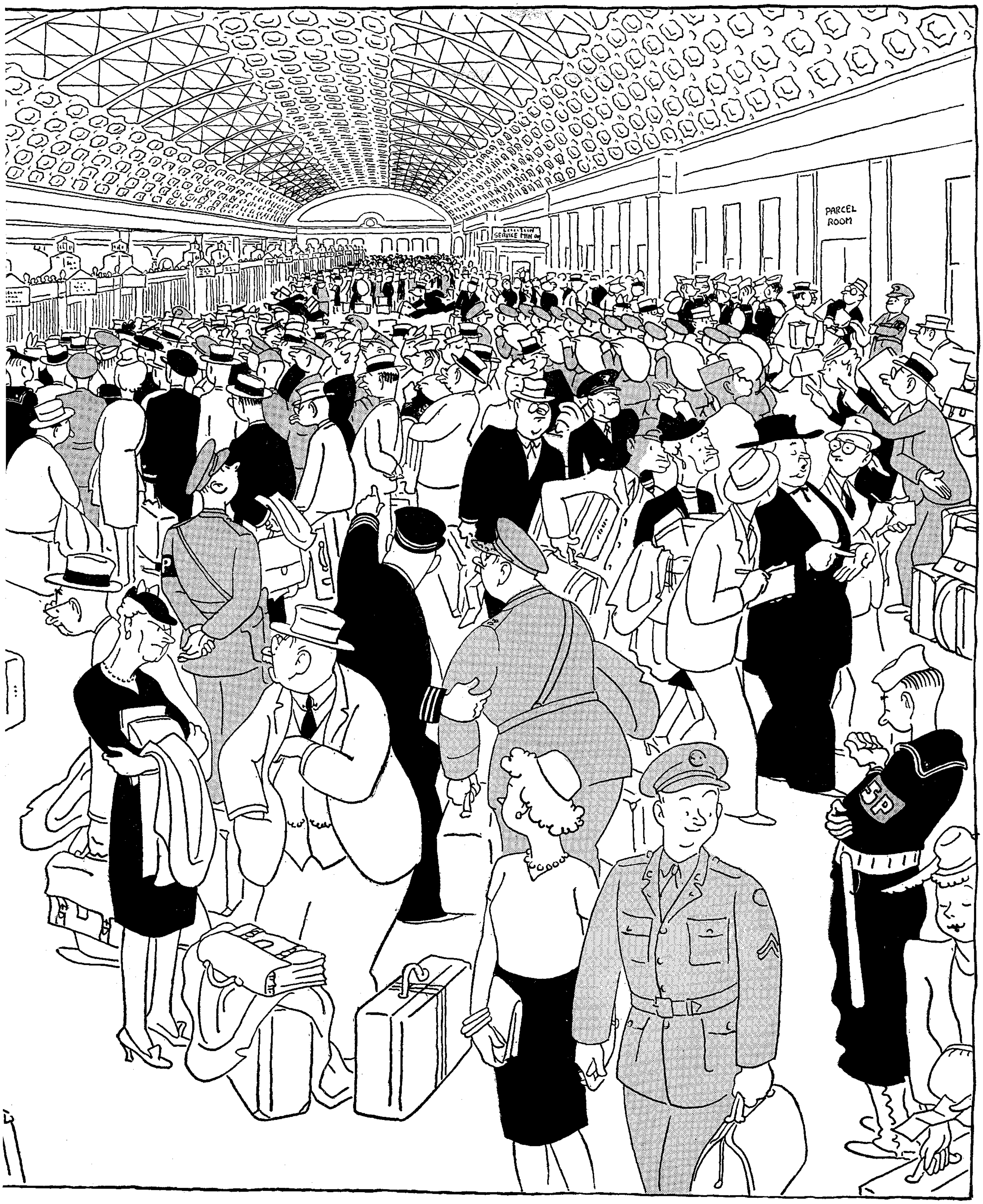
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

*Concourse, Union Station*


SERVICE MEN
PARCEL ROOM
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# MR. CLISBEE AND THE WAX FLOWERS

MR. CLISBEE was the elder partner of Clisbee & Plympton and the one who, as his wife Alice was always telling him, did the dirty work. Mr. Plympton ran a decorator's shop on Adams Street in Boston and dealt with their clientele of long standing, while Mr. Clisbee and his underlings worked several blocks away on Barrows Street in an old brick building, where they did over antiques and upholstered antiques for the firm.

Barrows Street was ancient and short. It had wooden-block paving which dulled the sound of trucks and wagons passing over it and uneven brick sidewalks that made walking precarious for ladies in high heels, and there were a good many of these, though perhaps Mr. Clisbee would not have used the word "ladies" for them, for the street connected two larger streets on which were a great many theatres and night clubs and other establishments of that kind. Mr. Clisbee lived a few doors away from the workshop in a little old brick house that was one of a row of little old brick houses; like the others, it had a recessed front door at the top of a small flight of steps, with a brass knocker and bellpull and a pretty fanlight. Indoors, there was a little parlor that ran the depth of the house, a bedroom and bath upstairs, and an unused chamber with a skylight on the top floor. The kitchen was in the basement and it had cockroaches, but all the same the Clisbees ate there, as they had no dining room and there were just the two of them. There was fine panelling all through the little house, and Mr. Clisbee had collected a nice assortment of Victorian and eighteenth-century furniture.

The parlor was their particular pride. It was pure Victorian. The best things in it were the red velvet curtains with white ball fringe looped back at the windows, a dark Aubusson carpet covering the floor from wall to wall, and, one on each side of the handsome Georgian mantelpiece, a pair of adorable tiny horsehair sofas. In the middle of the room stood a round and fancy-legged table, on which, among other things, were a huge album bound in green velvet, a pair of clasped china hands, and, all the year round, some dried grasses in a tall cloisonné vase. On the mantelpiece was a French clock in alabaster, with a nearly naked lady riding an antlered deer on the top of it. All these things Mr. Clisbee had been able to pick up for not too much money, thanks to his direct connection with the trade. He was satisfied with them all, and so was Alice, and they had lived there uneventfully and happily for nearly thirty years.

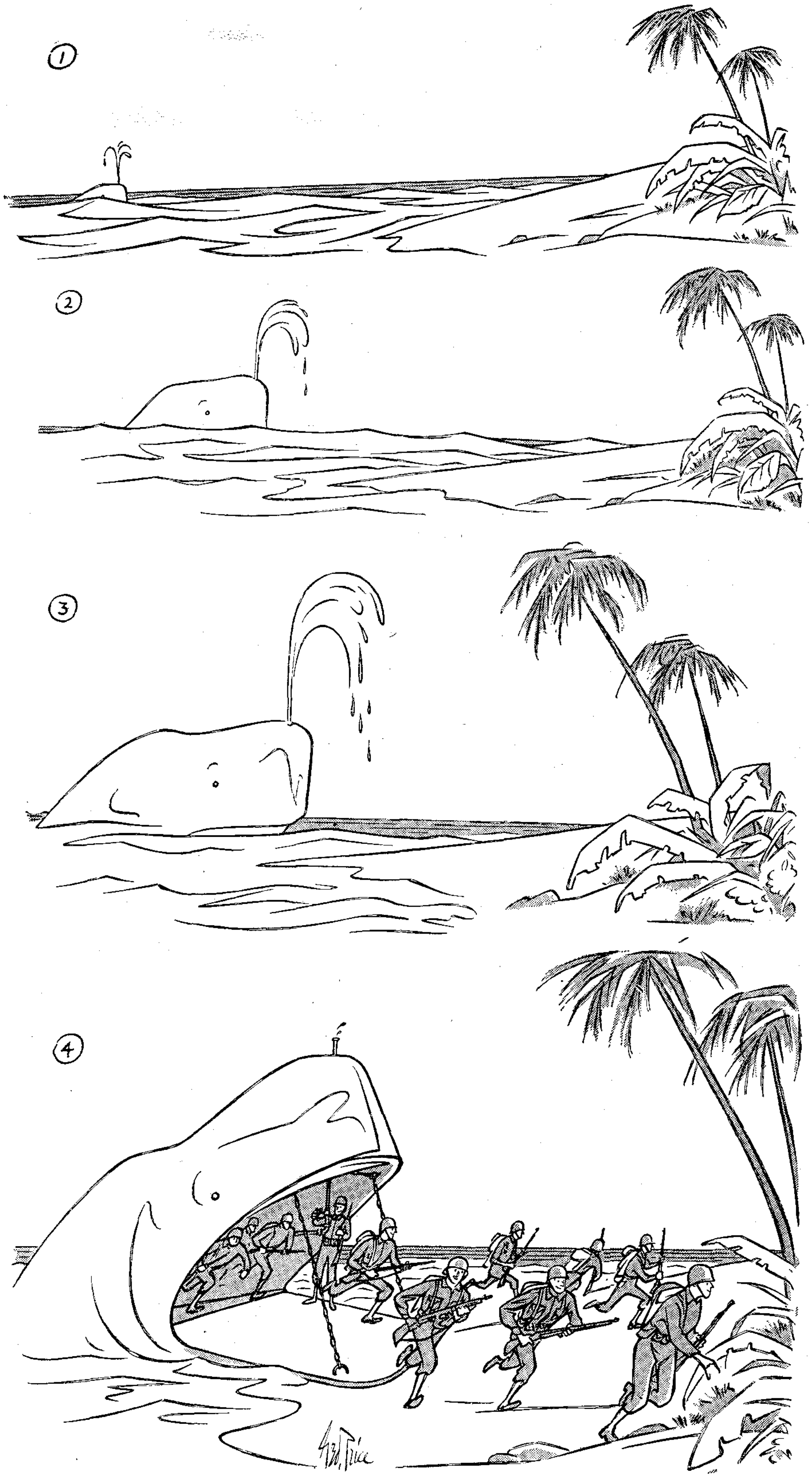
OF the several odd characters who lived on Barrows Street, Mr. Clisbee was about the oddest. He went in and out of his front door with such punctuality that you could, as the saying goes, set your clock by him—five minutes of nine, to work; two minutes past twelve, home to lunch; five minutes of one, back to work; twenty-five minutes of five, home again. In winter he wore a black overcoat with an astrakhan collar and a dark-gray Homburg he had had for fifteen years but which looked brand-new; in spring he wore a short tan topcoat with a brown velvet collar and a tan bowler with a rather high crown. And at all seasons, at work, he wore a dirty straw boater and a linen duster that hung to his knees. He had a smooth, upright walk, and this, with his carefully trimmed gray beard, expressionless eyes, and firm, white-toothed smile, gave him the air of a retired military man as he marched along with his straight back and the sure tread that carried him buoyantly over the rough bricks. Although he and Alice kept themselves to themselves, almost everybody on the street knew them by sight, and as for Mr. Clisbee's passing, it never failed to call forth a comment from somebody in the old houses. "Oh, *Wallace!*" a girl would cry to her husband. "What's the *matter* with you? Mr. Clisbee's just gone by. You'll be terribly late." Or a stout woman, watering the plants in her small-paned window: "It must be warm today. Mr. Clisbee's *got on his spring coat.*"

As for Alice, she went out very seldom and was not much noticed when she did. She was small and dark and you could imagine her pretty, once. In April, when she decided to make her annual visit to her sister in Gloucester, she cooked a ham, a chicken, a custard pie, and a dozen cup cakes for Mr. Clisbee, packed her suitcase, and went off on the 2:29 after washing up the dinner dishes. She had not been gone two days before an appalling thing befell her husband.

FOR a week Mr. Clisbee had had his eye on a piece of still life for his parlor. It was a miraculous bunch of wax flowers, pale and otherworldly, under a round, domed glass cover, and there was a waxen bird—a yellow-and-white bird—perched on a waxen tree stump in the middle. It was on a shelf in an antique shop. It was a very expensive place, so Mr. Clisbee knew the piece was far beyond his means, but just the same he longed for it with all the force of his strong and obstinate nature, and just before his wife went off it began to look as though he would have to have it or die. He kept the matter from Alice, thinking that if he brought it into the open he was lost indeed. And then, when Alice actually went, he thought to himself, in the fashion of husbands, wouldn't she be surprised if she found that here when she came back! Wouldn't she be pleased! For they had often spoken of this very kind of thing for the parlor, to put on the round walnut table. It was just what the room needed, they had said many times. They were proud of that room just as it was, but this would be the final touch. Alice would be delighted, and of course they could always sell it at not too much of a loss.

So reasoned Mr. Clisbee, baffled but made more obstinate than ever by this really sudden and unwonted obsession, and, two days after Alice left, when he finished work, he went and bought the flowers.

They had looked beautiful in the shop, but, as is sometimes the way, when he got them home they were simply miraculous. He was astonished at the effect of them in the room, which had been so long the same, with not a thing in it changed, that the advent of a new object was startling in the extreme. He took away the cloisonné vase, to leave plenty of space; in this case he didn't want too much of a clutter, he thought. He walked round and round the table, and went out into the hall and came back pretending not to know the flowers were there. Heavens, how surprised Alice will be, he thought, staring rapt at the funereal pallor and the elaborate work under the glass dome. In fear and trembling he washed the glass and polished the mahogany base. And then, excited by this rashness of his, he knew he wanted a glass of beer. First he ate some of the cold chicken and a tomato and a piece of the custard pie, and then he went out.



IT was nearly eight that evening when he turned into Barrows Street and headed for his house. It was dark, and the gas lights burned mistily in the damp air. It was a spring night, and Mr. Clisbee noticed this not as he had used to notice it but more calmly and pleasantly. He took in the pale sky above the city, and the soft wind smelling of dusty streets, a curtain blowing out over a window sill, and radio music in one of the houses he passed. Yes, spring is pleasant, he thought vaguely, neither especially troubled nor elated by it. He walked slowly, thinking of his flowers waiting for him—Alice's flowers, that is. Presently, however, he was conscious of hurrying feminine footsteps overtaking him, stumbling a little over the bricks and somehow conveying to him extraordinary fright and distress. But people around there were so often in a hurry or in distress that, as usual, he paid no particular attention, and as he drew near the street light before his front door he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his key ring, on which were the keys to the front door, the back door, the shop, and the closet in the basement, where he kept two bottles of Madeira and a strongbox full of family papers. He stopped to pick out the right key and, half turning under the light with one foot on his bottom step, he saw, instantly and unforgettably, a woman, hatless, in a black coat, coming with the speed of a deer along the sidewalk, and not far behind her a man, striding obviously and almost silently in pursuit. The impression of flight and pursuit was so strong that Mr. Clisbee was alarmed, but he had no time for thought, for the woman, seeing him so clearly about to go into the house, stopped abruptly and then sprang ahead of him up the steps, paused in anguish, and said in a breathless, quivering whisper, "Let me in! Let me in with you! He'll kill me! Let me in!"

She reached down in her terror and clung to Mr. Clisbee's arm. For years there had been queer happenings in this street and he had sensibly paid no attention whatever, yet now, incomprehensibly, he acted like an ancient champion of defenseless womanhood. Like lightning he jammed the key in the lock, opened the door, shoved the woman in, leaped in after her, and slammed the door almost in the face of the man, who came swinging up the steps.

Inside, Mr. Clisbee and the woman stood in the dark while, outside, the man furiously banged the big knocker and from the back stairs the bell pealed wildly as he rang it over and over. Then there was suddenly silence. Mr. Clisbee could hear his companion's breathing and he could dimly see her leaning heavily on the newel post. He went into the parlor and peeked out the window. No sign of the pursuer in the street, no sound. He went back to the hall, where at first he thought there was no woman, either. Then he saw that she had sunk down on the stairs, and he thought she had fainted. But she said, very low, "Where's he gone?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Clisbee. "I can't see him anywhere." He then said, "I'll call the police."

But she cried out "No, no!" so quickly that he answered, "All right. Then shall I get you a taxi?"

"No," she said again. "Not yet. Can I stay here a few minutes? I know it's not very nice for *you*, but I'll go soon." Her voice, which was a pretty, rather hoarse one—not too young, either, Mr. Clisbee observed suddenly—died away, as if she were too tired to say anything more. Mr. Clisbee was really impressed by that voice. It had a somewhat theatrical quality and a slight accent he did not recognize. He could not imagine what she was, but he was chiefly concerned for their safety, and he wished she would let him call in the police or else get a taxi and be gone, but since she insisted on staying—well, let her stay a little while. Then he thought: What if the man should get around to the back of the house and come in a window?

"Has he got a gun?" he asked, feeling foolishly like someone in a movie.

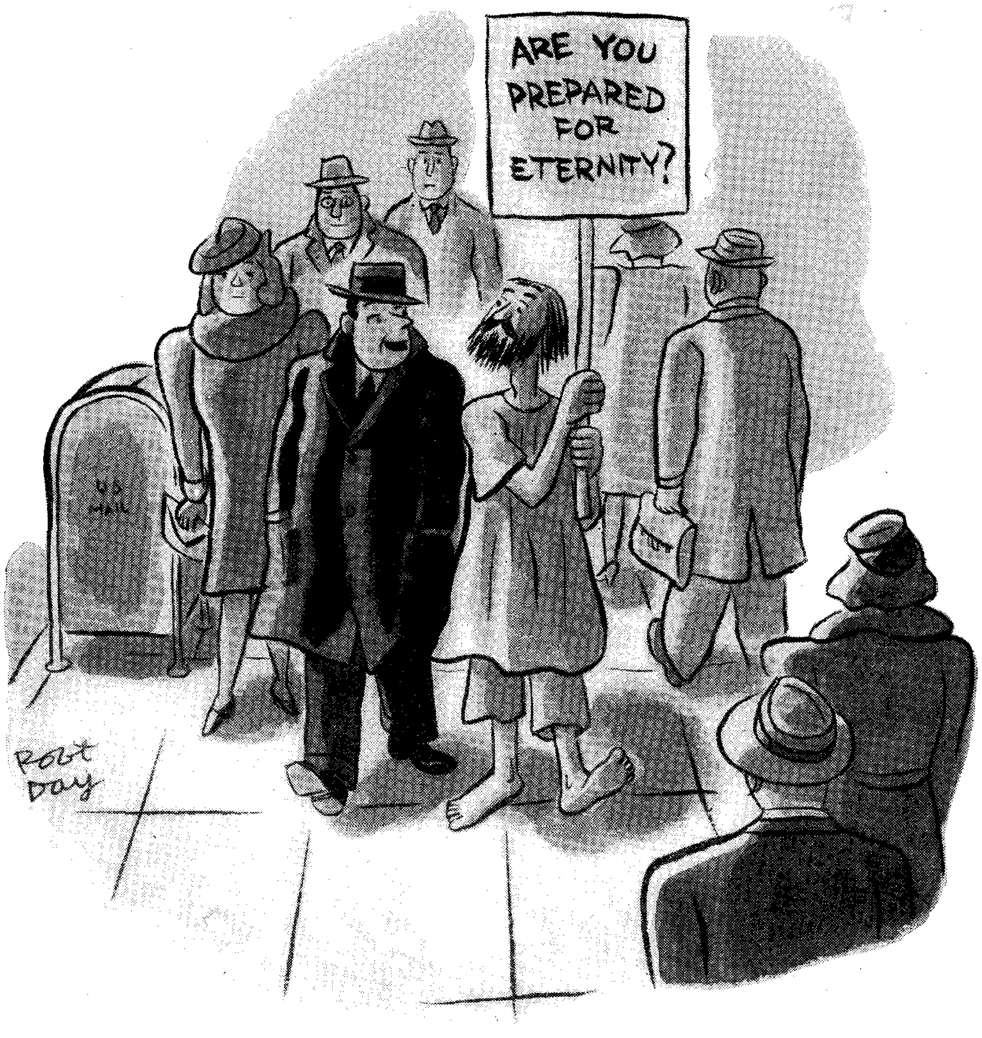
"No," said the woman. "He's got a knife."

Mr. Clisbee jumped. A knife! A man sneaking in through a window—for what was a locked window to a man bent on murder?—and creeping around the pitch-dark house with a *knife!* This is impossible, he thought wildly. I can't have this going on here. What in God's name did I ever let her in for?

But he knew perfectly well why—he had never doubted her terror or the determination of her pursuer. But now he had had enough; this was too much of a good thing, and he wanted to be rid of her. After all, he'd saved her. Now why couldn't she leave? He had no wish to become any more involved. His chivalry had ended as quickly as it had begun, and he was tired. He would order a taxi to come for her in fifteen minutes and she could go. If the man threw his knife at her as she left, it would serve her right for not getting police protection. The house was deathly still, waiting, the dark most ominous. He said to her sternly, "I'll shut the shutters in the parlor and turn on the lights," and he left her.

He looked out again from the parlor windows, but, as before, the street was empty. He closed the shutters, which had been folded back behind the velvet curtains, and in the dark made his way hastily across the room toward the light switch by the fireplace. In the meantime the woman, alarmed at being left alone in the silent hall, had followed him into the parlor. She did not speak to him, and on the carpet her feet made very little sound, so little that Mr. Clisbee did not hear her coming at all. And so it happened that as he moved swiftly for the light switch they collided by the walnut table. For a split second the terrible thought possessed both their minds: *Who's that? Is it he?* At the same instant that she screamed, Mr. Clisbee grabbed her. There was only a moment's confusion before each realized who the other was, but in that moment Mr. Clisbee had pushed her back a step and she had jerked frantically away. He let her go suddenly and she fell heavily backward, knocking into the table. There was a crash and a thud on the floor that shook the room. And then silence, with the ghastly thought forming in Mr. Clisbee's mind: What was that breaking glass? The only glass on the table was the glass cover to my flowers. In two steps he was beside the fireplace and turned on the light that hung in a cut-glass shade from the middle of the ceiling, and there on the floor sat the woman, pale and dazed, with her black hair falling across her shoulder, the embroidered tablecloth pulled part way off the table, and beside her the ruin of the wax flowers. And a ruin it was. Splintered glass was scattered over the rug and the flowers themselves lay in a broken heap.

At first Mr. Clisbee could not believe it. It was an incredible picture. The dark woman was half lying on the floor in her black coat and dress, with his wonderful flowers smashed and in chaos by her elbow. (She was, he realized afterward, very beautiful, with a wide, red mouth and thick black hair around her white face, in which her deeply set black eyes looked huge and strangely bright.) Then she moved, rubbing her shoulder, and got up. He did not help her. He simply stood looking at the rug where the little ruin lay.


ARE YOU PREPARED FOR ETERNITY?
U.S. MAIL
Robt Day

*"What are you planning to do with your Number 17 ticket?"*

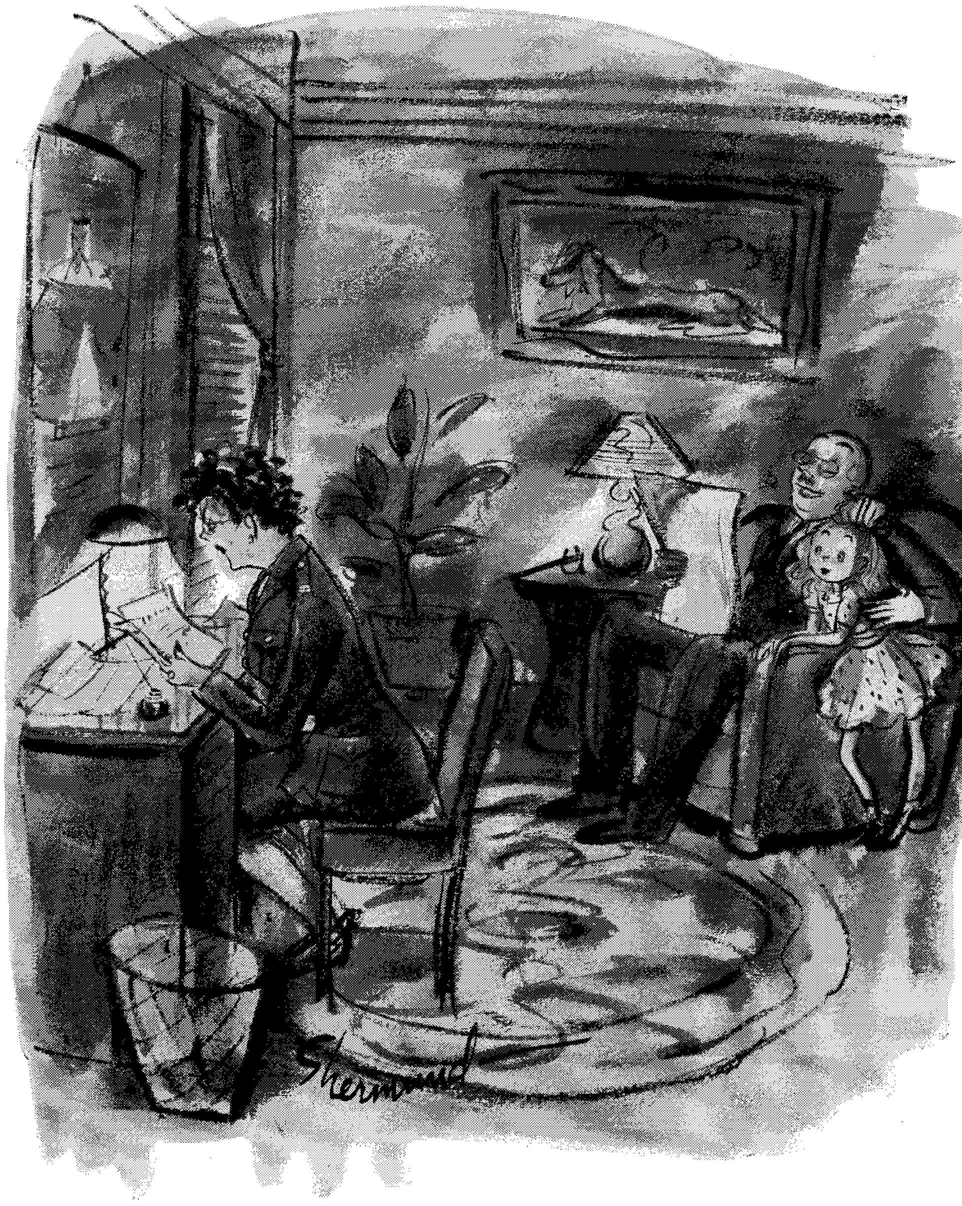
The clasped china hands lay there too, unbroken, and the yellow-and-white bird had rolled unharmed under the table.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the woman. "You scared me so." She was still so frightened she could hardly think what to say. Hesitantly, she tried to straighten the tablecloth, and it was her clumsy effort that made something suddenly snap in Mr. Clisbee's head.

"Leave that alone!" he screamed at her. "Look what you've done! I just bought those flowers today. I paid much too much for them, and now *look!*" He was trembling with rage, and it was all he could do not to spring forward and slap her white face. Clinging to the table edge, she repeated, in her strange, husky voice, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I couldn't help it. I was so frightened." She could not comprehend his rage at all, but she felt that he was another man who had murder within him, even if he did not chase her with a knife. Him she would have to escape from, too; there was no rescue here, after all. She turned away and went slowly out into the hall.

"Get out," said Mr. Clisbee distinctly after her.

"I am getting out," she said. Strangely enough, she seemed to be without rancor or even surprise. Without speaking again, she opened the door and went out. Mr. Clisbee, standing with his fists clenched and his bearded face as pale as his broken flowers, heard the latch snap behind her and her heels click slowly, slowly down the steps.



*"Now salute Mummy, dear, and run along to bed."*

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AFTER a minute Mr. Clisbee's insane fury began to drift away and his decent sense of concern came back. He went to the front door, opened it, and stood on the steps, looking up and down the street. There was nothing in sight but two girls in the distance and a small delivery truck from a florist's stopping next door. The driver jumped out and, coming round to the back of the truck, took out a long green box and slammed the tin doors shut.

"Late, aren't you?" said Mr. Clisbee mechanically.

"Yeah," said the driver, a thin young man with glasses. "It's a special. The boss's sister."

"Ah," said Mr. Clisbee.

The young man ran up into the next doorway and pulled the bell. Mr. Clisbee could hear him whistling as he waited. Then the door opened, the flowers were taken, and the young man ran down again. He was just hopping, whistling, into his truck when the evening was split by the most ghastly scream that Mr. Clisbee and the young man had ever heard in their lives. It was only one single scream, a high woman's scream, coming from perhaps a block away, and it simply froze them where they were, one on the steps and the other on the running board. Their hearts stopped at the sound of it; it was too terrible to bear. It did not come again and its fearful echo died at once.

"Jesus!" said the young man, turning his head toward Mr. Clisbee. "That didn't sound so good."

"No," said Mr. Clisbee.

They waited. There was no sound but the usual far-off mumble of the city traffic and the low murmur of the car's engine by the curb.

"Well." The driver shrugged his shoulders, glanced at Mr. Clisbee with a wry smile, and got in and drove away.

MR. CLISBEE went back into his house. He got a dustpan and broom from the closet under the stairs and swept up the glass and the broken wax and dumped it all into the wastepaper basket. He straightened up the tablecloth on the round walnut table and put back on it the vase with the dried grasses, so that the room looked exactly the way it had looked for nearly thirty years. —ELIZABETH P. WARNER

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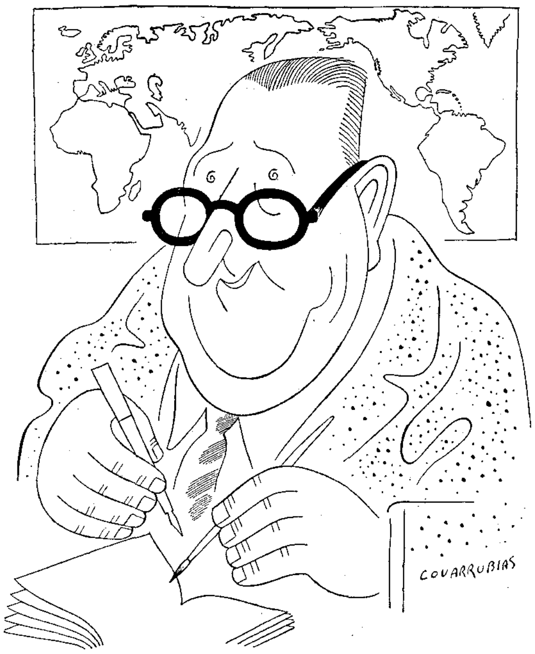
Each tank has a 4-inch intake and a 4-inch outlet and may be filled and emptied simultaneously, which makes for speedy handling.—*Berkeley (Calif.) Gazette.*

And world without end.

# PROFILES

## THE STORY OF EVERYTHING—III

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, dean of the school of writers who wish to make knowledge popular, painless, and profitable, has studied the universe by studying himself. Both are vast subjects. The universe has never been measured, but van Loon has. He has a seventeen-and-a-half-inch neck, wears twelve-and-a-half shoes, is six feet three, and weighs two hundred and ninety pounds. He once drew a picture of himself confronting the world; of the two, van Loon was the larger and more impressive. The disparate emotions which stuff his bulk are immeasurable, and so is the amount of knowledge he has crammed into himself in his sixty-one years. They have been sufficient to provide the raw materials for twenty-nine monumental books. Because of his own universality, van Loon generally scorns research and goes to himself for any knowledge he may happen to require.



*Hendrik Willem van Loon*

Van Loon sometimes thinks that not enough time has elapsed since the earth came into being to merit a full-sized book. In his "Story of Mankind," his first best-seller, which was published in 1921, he covered the period from 500000 B.C. to 2000 A.D. He ran out of time before finishing the book and needed the extra seventy-nine years between 1921 and 2000 to round out the volume's 486 pages. He is, furthermore, the only American who has written a book so massive that it required five men to write one review; the five-man critique, which appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, was of his "The Arts." This volume, which—as its title implies—is a history of the arts, was literally an international event when it was published in 1938; it appeared simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Austria, France, and Italy. In subject matter, van Loon has a greater range than a Sears Roebuck catalogue. His thoughts on murder, lust, torture, earthquakes, virginity, typhoons, Dante, Robespierre, drunkenness, Hans Christian Andersen, drug addicts, the high plateau of Tibet, southern exposure, loneliness, Mazzini, the Llanos of Venezuela, the Brooklyn Bridge, Handel, insanity, glaciers, oil painting, Ty Cobb, the Polar Star, doctors, fog, genius, Necker, Byzantine art, and love may be read in Bantu, Urdu, Braille, Esperanto, Portuguese, Rumanian, Hebrew, Greek, Czech, Hungarian, Polish, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Hindu, Japanese, and Chinese. All told, a hundred and forty-seven translations, in twenty-one languages, have been made of his works. His publishers, Simon & Schuster, estimate that an international total of six million copies of his books has been sold. It is estimated that they have netted the author, who skillfully illustrates his books himself, at least a half-million dollars. He sometimes says that he is the only man in history who has written twenty-nine books on the same subject. The common theme, he says disarmingly, is "Van Loon on Life." The refrain of all his books is that the world is a good place, containing everything needed for a paradise except sanity on the part of man. Some of his titles for this subject are "An Elephant up a Tree," "Around the World with the Alphabet," "The Life of Peter Stuyvesant," "An Indiscreet Itinerary," "Ships," "The Story of Mankind," "The Story of the Bible," "Man, the Miracle Maker," "Van Loon's Lives," "The Arts," "Tolerance," "America," "R. v. R., Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn," and "Ancient Man." Whatever the title of his books, van Loon writes, he says, "to demonstrate that each man is the master of his own fate," and in moments of optimism he adds that "no word written for this purpose has ever been written in vain." According to his publishers, he succeeds "in making the universe as familiar as the reader's own back yard. He takes the earth apart and discloses its very heartbeat."

One might think that such generous praise would give van Loon a sense of well-being, but to him praise from a publisher is only slightly better than no praise at all. It does nothing to cure the constantly gnawing canker that lies far beneath the seizures of antic gaiety in which he recites nonsense jingles and limericks. Even the traditional superlatives applied to his books by critics ("A joyous adventure."—Lewis Gannett; "His drawings literally speak."—Harry Hansen; "He lifts up our limping imagination into a full, cosmic outlook."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*) do nothing to relieve his pain. He believes himself the victim of a professorial plot. College professors are little men, he says, and they find little mistakes in his works in a jealous attempt to trip up a prosperous superior. For example, he will compose a passage in which Marie Antoinette, standing on the scaffold, remembers an aria from a Rossini opera, as he did in his recent "Van Loon's Lives," and some picayunish professor will have the audacity to point out that Rossini was only a year old when Marie died. In 1932 Professor Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale, wrote of "Van Loon's Geography," "If van Loon had insisted that his book be corrected by a real geographer, it would be an excellent piece of work. As it is, it is greatly injured by inaccuracy and lack of knowledge." If just one professor had ever praised him, van Loon might concede that the pedagogical persecution was not a plot but a coincidence. While the newspapers in general described "The Arts" as a tour de force whose brilliance was equalled only by the author's erudition, the professors in general described it as a fiasco whose inaccuracy was equalled only by the author's ignorance. The comment of Professor Oliver Larkin, of Smith College, was typical. He found the book full of "dubious, offhand statements" and "misleading half-truths" and declared that one of van Loon's illustrations was "an appalling and tasteless travesty." Miss Hetty Goldman, of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, described the illustrations as "so many knife thrusts to one who already loves the arts they attempt to portray." Henry-Russell Hitchcock, of Wesleyan University, considered "the writing so sloppy that it is insufficient to call it merely inaccurate."

TO protect van Loon from himself and his fact-bound academic critics, Simon & Schuster long ago assigned one of their editors, Wallace Brockway, to check the accuracy of his manuscripts. Brockway also serves as a sort of cheerleader to van Loon while he is writing. The pair are almost the antithesis of each other. Brockway is a thin young man with a white, intelligent face, whereas van Loon's moon face has a certain deceptive vacuity about it. Van Loon likes to believe that van Loon is the rich repository of all knowledge. Brockway can prove that Brockway is. The fact that it is his anonymous job to make the public agree with van Loon's estimate of himself gives him a moral edge in the frequent contests of intellect that take place between them. Brockway is the kind of fellow who can tell you offhand what the apple crop of Oregon was in 1899 or how old Dickens was when he wrote "Bleak House." He has difficulty, however, in besting van Loon even when he seems to have the intellectual advantage or the facts. Van Loon uses his temperament to rout Brockway's knowledge. Frequently the author refuses to accept Webster, the King James Version of the Bible, or Rand McNally maps as final arbiters. He merely says grandly that they are wrong.

Van Loon has only one sure test of whether a fact is right or wrong. If he finds it in his own memory, it must be right. If he plumbs his own depths without finding it, it must be wrong. If he has believed a thing for years, it must be true. He comes to have a fondness for his misconceptions and, like a mother protecting a child who has been bullied, he has a stronger affection for a statement that has been questioned than for one that goes unchallenged. For example, he likes to think that Erasmus, the famous sixteenth-century humanist, for whom he has a peculiar affection, once travelled a considerable distance by sitting down on the ice of a frozen bay and being blown along by the wind. The fact that earnest research could not establish this as fact did not deter him from incorporating it in a recent essay.

Brockway is so finicking about trivial accuracies that van Loon occasionally thinks that he must be a part of the professorial plot to embarrass him. At other times, in a foolish excess of bravado brought on by the humiliation of a defeat at Brockway's hands, van Loon challenges the editor to a contest of knowledge. A while ago he proclaimed that he knew more about the Bible than any other man living. Brockway raised his pale face from some van Looniana he was correcting and asked, "Who was the character in the Bible who accomplished the destruction of forty-two children because they laughed at his bald head?"

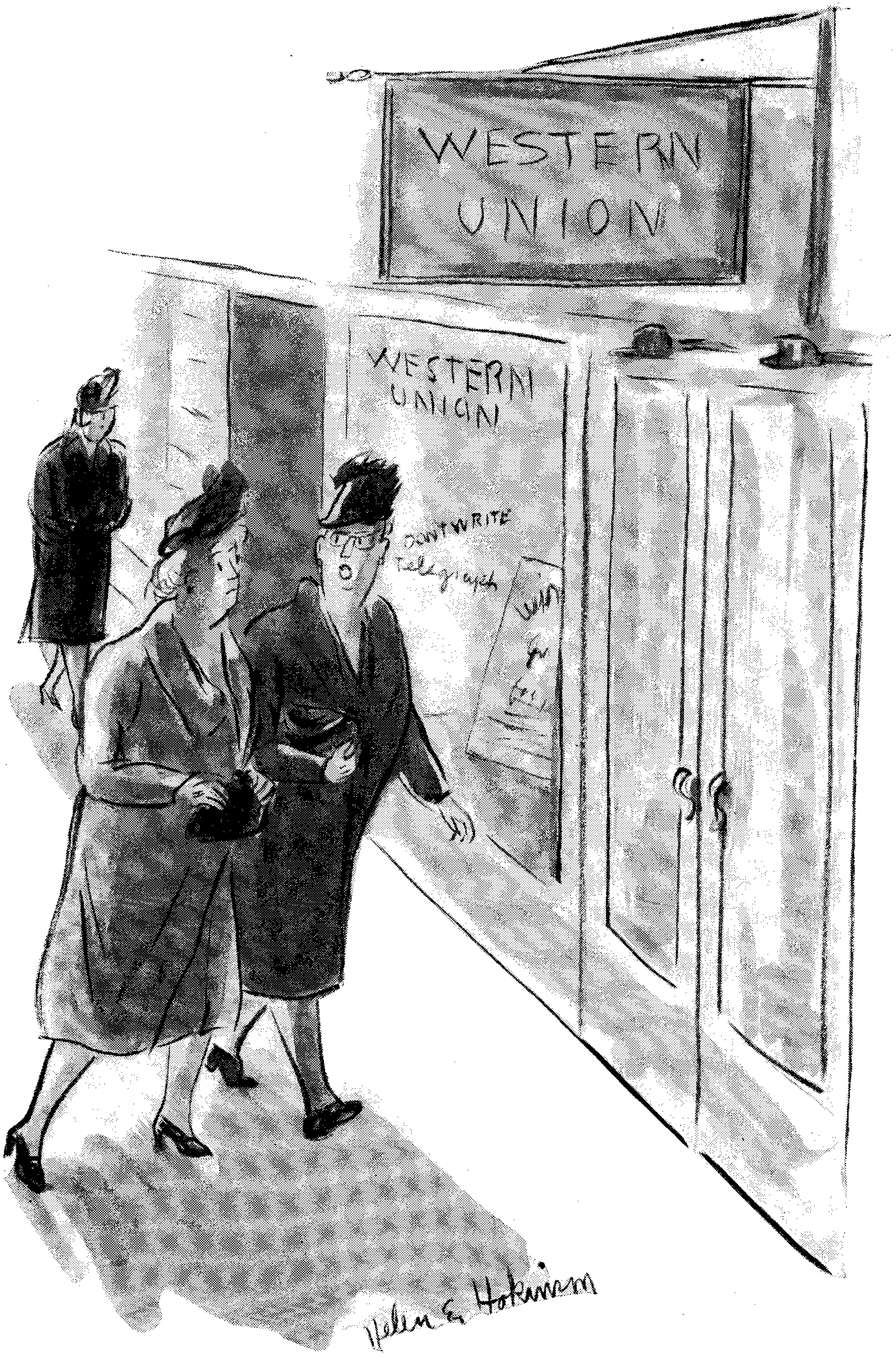
Van Loon winced. "There is no such character," he said, laughing uncertainly. "You're trying to trap me."

"It was Elisha," Brockway said. "Second book of Kings, chapter two, verses twenty-three and twenty-four."

"King James Version?" asked van Loon gamely.

"Yes."

"Well, large sections of that are



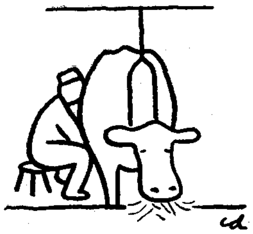
*"There's nothing to be afraid of. I've been sending congressmen telegrams for years."*

apocryphal. In more accurate translations there is no such incident. I know the Bible as it really is, not as it is in some bastard version."

Brockway's paramount duty in working on a van Loon creation is, however, not to question but to encourage. When a van Loon book is in progress, Brockway visits him at his home in Old Greenwich about once a week. He ordinarily arrives around eleven in the morning. If the book is still in an early stage, the day starts immediately with van Loon reading aloud to Brockway what he has written during the past week. Brockway is careful to laugh at the right points, to sigh at the proper places, and frequently to exclaim with immense conviction, "Marvellous!," "Wonderful!," and "Really amazing!" Mild praise angers van Loon, and Brockway is careful to keep his voice pitched at the proper level of vibrant enthusiasm. Once he missed the pitch and van Loon stopped writing for several days. Since that incident Brockway tries to maintain approximately the tone of a tourist exclaiming at his first glimpse of the Grand Canyon.

Brockway doesn't dare criticize anything until a manuscript is so far advanced that van Loon cannot construe a suggestion as an insult, and abandon the task, without wasting a prodigious amount of work. Even when Brockway judges that this point has finally been reached, criticism is difficult because van Loon has perfected a number of amiable dodges to forestall his monitor. Brockway refuses to discuss his relationship with van Loon, but impartial witnesses report that, as a manuscript nears completion, van Loon almost always says, when Brockway arrives, that it is too near lunchtime to begin working. The two men talk uneasily until one o'clock, Brockway obviously making an effort not to unleash his powerful intelligence, for if he humiliates van Loon early in the day, progress will be difficult. At one they have lunch with Mrs. van Loon. After lunch van Loon is in the habit of suggesting a game of gin rummy. He likes to lose, because then he feels he is within his rights in suggesting one more game. As a result, the contest is not a contest at all, since both men are desperately trying to throw the game. Van Loon is usually able to keep things going until three o'clock, when he announces that he must take a nap. An hour later the two men sit down before a table in van Loon's study on the second floor. The writer hunches over the manuscript before him as if guarding it from the editor. It is not easy for Brockway to get a good look at it, since van Loon will not relinquish it and at best insists that they go over it together. Van Loon turns the pages. If Brockway questions a point, van Loon quickly turns the page and tries to go on as if nothing had happened. If the editor insists on turning back, van Loon does a lot of bouncing and wiggling in his chair before he gives in.

Sometimes, just as Brockway has embarked on the demonstration of an error, van Loon, who suffers from either real or imagined heart trouble, begins to roll and weave, and the conference breaks up so that he can take to his bed. At other times, van Loon tries to appeal to Brockway's better nature. "Oh, what the hell!" he exclaims, trying to inveigle Brockway into a man-of-the-world attitude. "Who'll notice that error except some little professor?" If Brockway presses the point, he takes a belligerent tone and demands, "Who is writing this book—you or me?" Often he refuses to change an error, as in the case of Rossini and Marie Antoinette, saying firmly, "That's the way I want it and that's the way it will be." In his most recent book, "Van Loon's Lives," he appended a note in which he said proudly that he was fully aware of the anachronisms to be found in it.



EVEN advance admissions of error hardly serve to keep the professors quiet. They are infuriated not only by specific errors but by van Loon's whole

### THE DOCTOR'S HERE NOW

Read the chart again, lift the lid on the inflamed eye,
Advise another injection, a change of linen, absolute quiet and rest,
Call Dr. Worthington should the patient's condition show an abrupt change.

Is there something I have neglected, something I have forgotten to do?

Then why am I so oppressed this morning and why do I feel so strange?
Why should this antiseptic silence, this hush of fever and iodine
Induce in me a guilt I cannot identify and which cannot possibly be mine?

For what can be humanly done I have done for the acid case in Sixteen,
What limited miracles can be performed I have performed for the amputation in Twenty-four.
What more can they expect of me beyond the injection and the wound kept clean?

But still they come, relying on the knife and a surgical guile,
Delivering into my dangerous hands their feverish and neglected children,
Trusting in the sterilized gauze and the nurse's automatic smile;

And whether I can cure them at last, and whether I can heal
Them of all the enormous punishments they are compelled to endure,
And how much we can depend finally on our knowledge and the boiled steel,

As the mask is being adjusted, I am sometimes not quite sure.

Nevertheless I guard them as I can from infection and the dangers of the air,
Praying the appendectomy will be quiet as the drainpipe sucks in her side,
That the stitches will hold in the torn scalp under the shaven hair

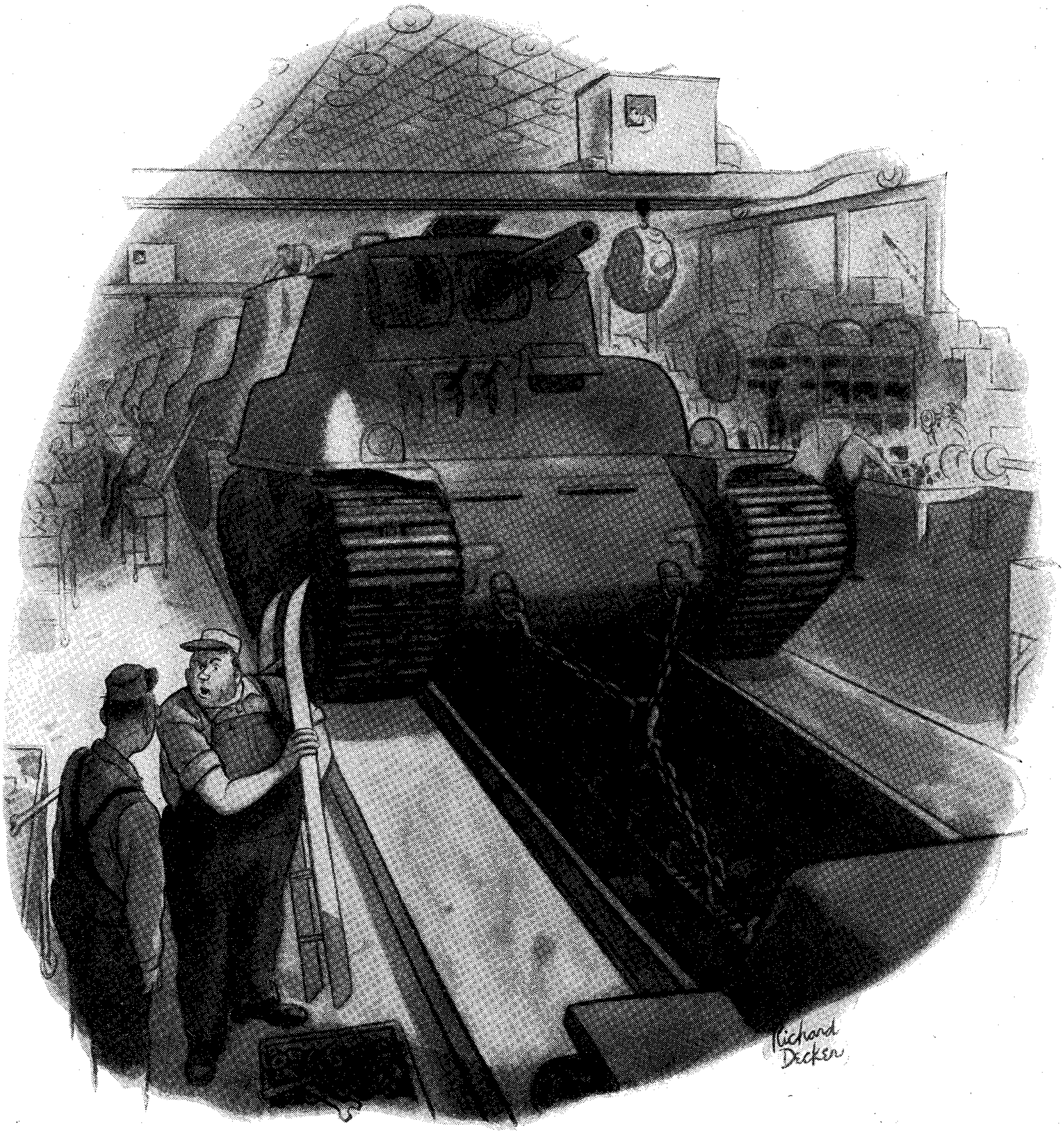
As beneath the blazing circular lights the pure nurses move,
The oxygen bag inflates, deflates like a huge independent lung,
And my hands work with a confidence that has nothing to do with love.

A boy's studious temperament and his hours in the charity wards
Are all we pit against the great forms of death, gangrenous and obscene,
Never quite certain what paradise our knowledge is moving towards,

What inconceivable wounds, incredible epidemics lie in between.

—ALFRED HAYES

• •



*"I wish you'd stop saying 'Here comes another one.'"*

• •

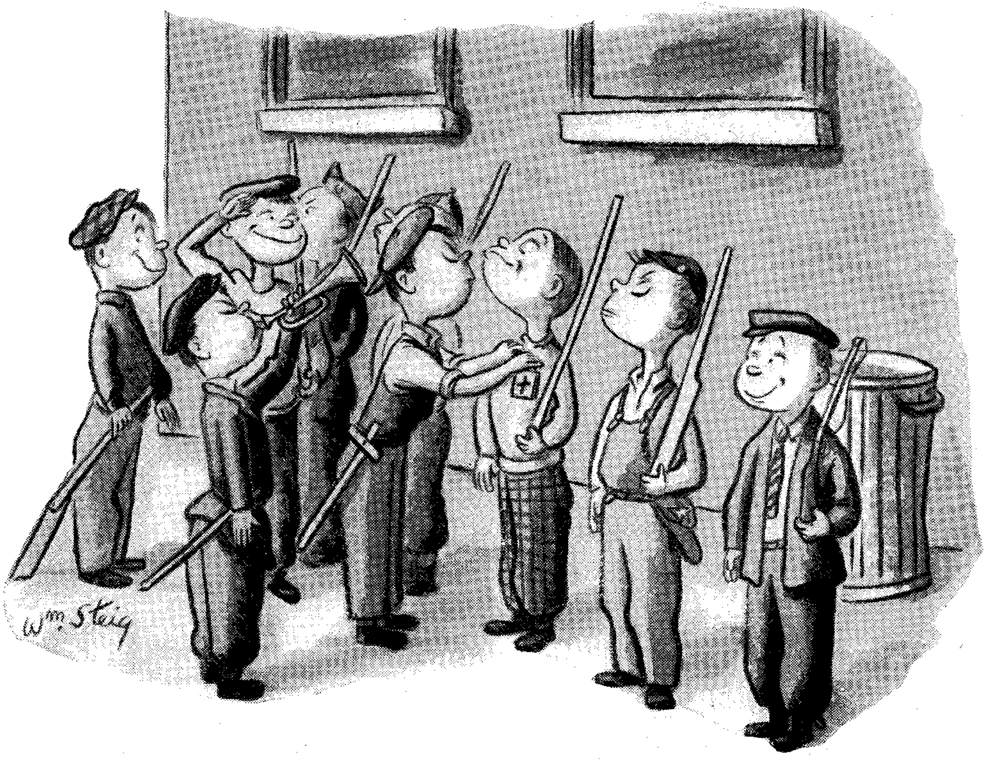
attitude toward the past. He makes it as personal as a diary, and whether he writes of the Pyramids or of cave men, of the Crusades or of Wagner, he is always the dominant figure. He will not treat history with the respect the professors think it deserves. He likens Shakespeare to an adroit steam-shovel operator and Greek art to Babe Ruth. He describes Leonardo da Vinci as "an artistic southpaw." He makes the august past as familiar—and his critics say as banal—as yesterday's tabloid. He possesses the past as another man might possess an old house, and fills it with accounts of his dogs, his children, his illnesses, and his opinions. He uses this personal touch in writing about the largest international affairs. When he composed "Our Battle," an answer to Hitler's "My Battle," he said in the preface that he was entering the lists against mankind's adversary because "my friend, Mayor LaGuardia, was booed at a Columbus Day rally" by Italian Fascists.

His habit of putting himself into history really flowered in his "Lives," a sort of modern Plutarch in which the great dead come back to earth to consort with van Loon. Van Loon is nice to them, but it is plain that he is their superior. It is with difficulty, for instance, that he refrains from beating Descartes at chess. "I was only prevented," he writes, "from giving Des-

*cartes fool's mate by a sense of humility.* After all, I could not very well go through life remembering that I had beaten the greatest of mathematicians in three moves." He finds Emerson childlike. However, he treats Washington as an equal, and when the General refers to Mrs. Washington as "my good Martha," van Loon calls Mrs. van Loon "my good Jimmie." Jimmie is his nickname for her. He ends the biography of Washington with the words "The rest is history." A month after writing this he concluded a biography of himself up to the age of twenty with the words "The rest is history." Most of history's great like van Loon, but the Empress Theodora, of Constantinople and the sixth century, is simply crazy about him. "In the common language of today," van Loon writes in his "Lives," "the little lady has what it takes." He asks her to dance with him, and "her body seemed to nestle in the hollow of my arm. Those incredible black eyes looked up at me. She leaned forward and her gentle little breasts touched me. I suddenly understood a thousand years of history. I knew what no mere scholar had ever found out."

Van Loon writes in the manner of a plain, blunt man, and he has been accused of being conceited about his ignorance. In one of his books he says with pride that "one would rather do six months of hard labor than read one of Dante's poems." He does make an exception of "The Inferno." His prose, in contrast to his spoken word, is punctuated with such sentences as "Of course, I cannot be sure." He frequently writes apologetically ("I know all this sounds very complicated") and, commenting on Romulus and Remus, he observes, "I always forget who jumped over whose wall." He is what might be called a straightaway writer. For instance, he may simply commence an essay or a book with the statement "I am sitting here looking out the window wondering how I shall begin this." He is addicted in his writing to what one Simon & Schuster editor calls "slightly crochety divagations," and there is absolutely no subject, from a dissertation on Pope Innocent I to an essay on Florentine painting, that he will not interrupt for five hundred words of highly personal reverie. In his biography of Rembrandt, in which he details his own life, a doctor enters a sickroom. Before he reaches the patient's bedside four pages have elapsed, in which the doctor, who is of course really van Loon, ruminates at length on Kung-fu-tse, Montaigne, ancient haruspices, Pythagoras, wasps, and foreordination. The most frequently repeated sequence of words in van Loon's writing is "As I was saying a few moments before we got off on this fascinating subject . . ."

The device van Loon employs most often is the comparison of any aspect of the past to modern sports. He constantly refers to Babe Ruth, who is a favorite of his, when he is speaking of art or artists. In a representative passage in "The Arts" he declares that the artist is usually quite unconscious of how he creates art "and accepts what he does as Babe Ruth accepted the fact that he could hit a ball harder and farther than any of his fellow-players. When you asked the Babe how he did it, he answered 'Huh?' and scratched his head and asked for a piece of chewing gum." In explaining the Renaissance, van Loon writes, "The quest of men of talent was so widespread and so eagerly pursued that it resembled our own search after promising baseball or football material. Let it be rumored that there was a budding painter or sculptor in some distant villagio in Tuscany or Umbria and the scouts would go after him with the same eagerness with which today they would follow up a clue about a brilliant shortstop or halfback in some bush league in Texas or Jersey." The people of the Renaissance "knew the output of all their leading maestros by heart in the same way that a citizen of a modern American city will be familiar with the box score of his favorite players and they could judge their work on points with the same feeling for technical perfection you will encounter among a group of football coaches going to attend the annual battle between the Texas Christians and the Southern Methodists." Once he wrote that watching the late Knute Rockne and Ty Cobb demonstrate sliding into base in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel taught him more about the Russian ballet than he had ever known before. (In another book he says that this demonstration occurred in his own home.) In "The Arts" he summed up this mannerism rather plaintively: "I seem to be unable to avoid these comparisons borrowed from the field of sports."

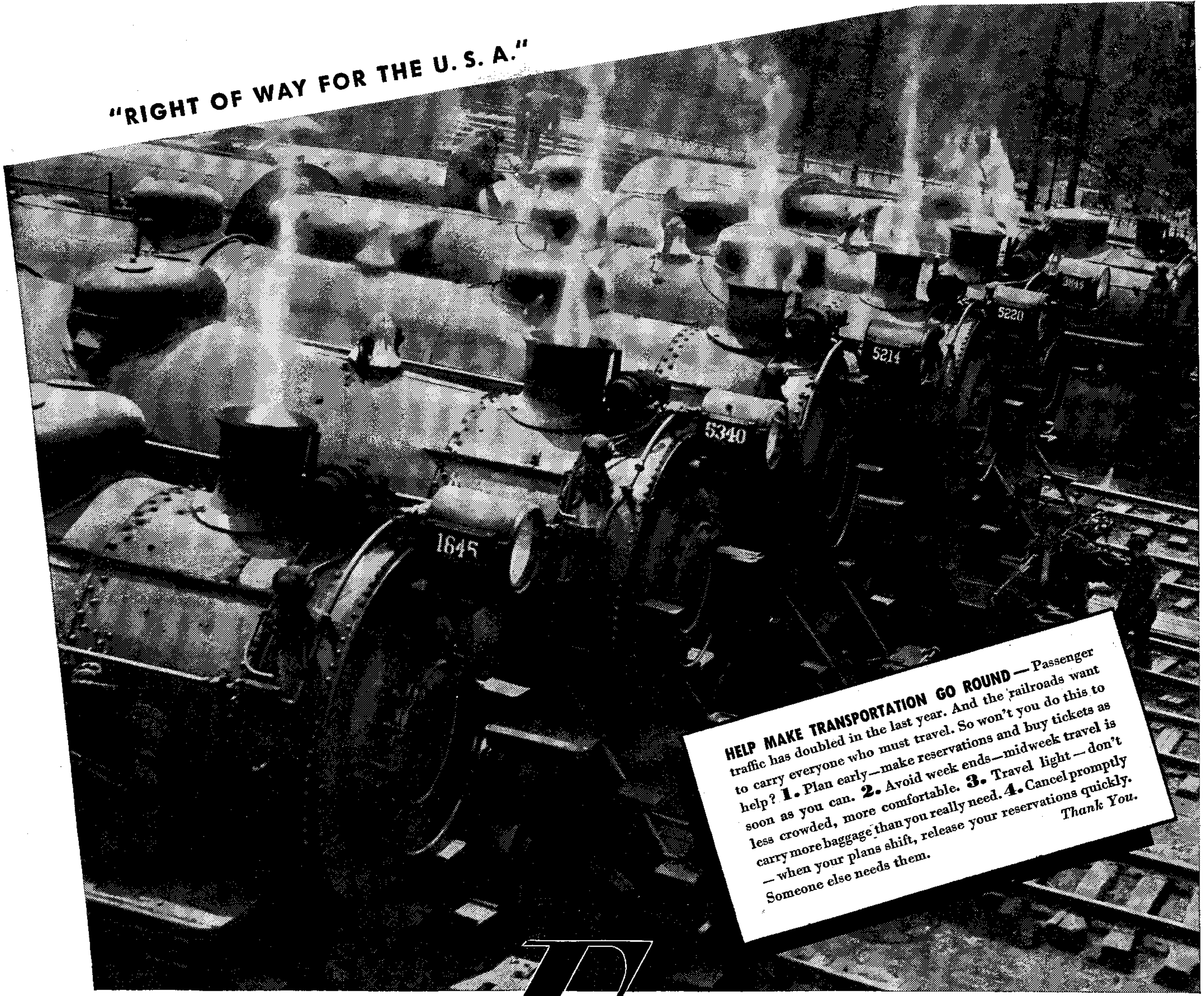


SMALL FRY

*Distinguished Service Cross*

Several million Americans have learned much of what they know about history and art from van Loon, and "the mere scholars," as he calls them, who have not comprehended the past through dancing with the Empress Theodora, believe that this is regrettable. Douglas Bush, professor of history at Harvard, wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1940, "The dean of popularizers is Mr. van Loon, who knows all there is to know but is a plain man who does not put on airs about it. When an individual sets up as a two-legged Chautauqua it would be both mean and foolish to speak of particular errors." Professor Bush then lists some particular errors and adds, "Mr. van Loon's manner of

"RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U. S. A."



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*Thank You.*

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There are more than 11,000 men in an armored division.

When they move, everything they need to fight with goes with them.

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That means 75 trains which cannot do anything else until that division is delivered where Uncle Sam wants it, in sections running secretly, a few minutes apart.

And if you think that one division is a problem, bear in mind that the railroads have been moving an average of *a million and one half troops a month.*

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"PROFOUND and STIRRING"
says LIFE MAGAZINE
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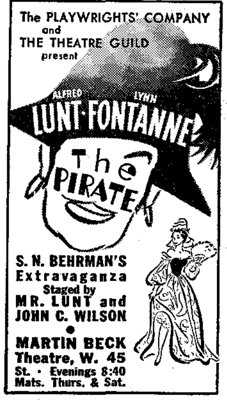
The PATRIOTS
presented by THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY
in association with ROWLAND STEBBINS
National Theatre, W. 41 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



The PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY
and
THE THEATRE GUILD
present
ALFRED LYNN
LUNT-FONTANNE
The PIRATE
S. N. BEHRMAN'S
Extravaganza
Staged by
MR. LUNT and
JOHN C. WILSON
MARTIN BECK
Theatre, W. 45
St. • Evenings 8:40
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"The foremost play of the Season"
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The Playwrights' Company
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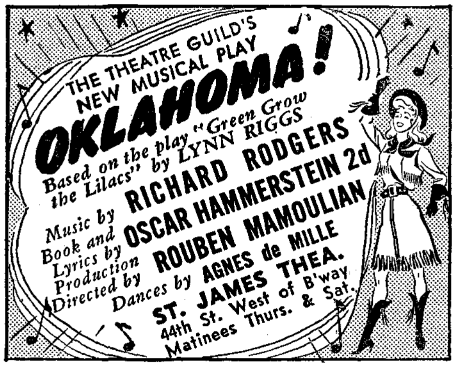
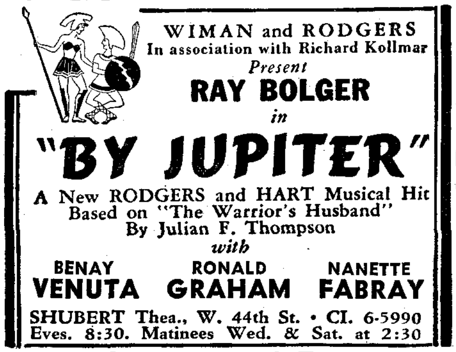
THE EVE OF ST. MARK
by MAXWELL ANDERSON
CORT THEATRE
48th ST. E. of Broadway
Eves. 8:40. Matinees
Wednesday & Saturday



THE THEATRE GUILD'S
NEW MUSICAL PLAY
OKLAHOMA!
Based on the play "Green Grow the Lilacs" by LYNN RIGGS
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Production Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
ST. JAMES THEA.
44th St. West of B'way
Matinees Thurs. & Sat.



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In association with Richard Kollmar
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RAY BOLGER
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A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
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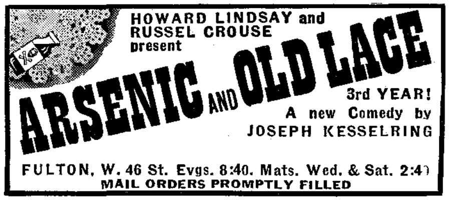

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ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
A new Comedy by
JOSEPH KESSELRING
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:4
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Limited Engagement—Popular Prices
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In the Most Successful Musical of the Century
"LADY IN THE DARK"
BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway at 53 St.
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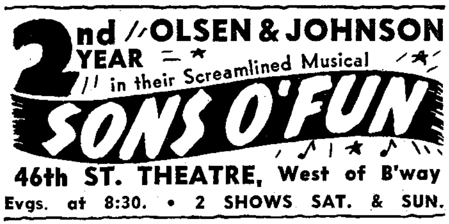

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OLSEN & JOHNSON
in their Screamlined Musical
SONS O'FUN
46th ST. THEATRE, West of B'way
Evgs. at 8:30. • 2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN.

*Additional Amusement Advertising on page 33*

writing raises a more general question. He believes that art is and should be popular, and his cultural salad is sprinkled with the evidently appetizing sauce of journalese. One may seriously ask, are people led by vulgarity to an appreciation of art that is not vulgar? The popular writer, at his worst, brings nothing but impatience and a temperament, and he often gives a distorted picture of his subject to a multitude of readers." Such attacks hurt van Loon deeply, but he tries to dismiss them as unimportant. "If it's journalism," he says, "maybe that's why people read it instead of history." Occasionally his bitterness spills over into his books, and then he has several characters simultaneously praising van Loon and damning the little professors who, these characters say, wish to make all knowledge their private monopoly. Van Loon thinks highly of his style, and even the professors agree that it has charm and is readable, while his illustrations, often water colors of extraordinary freshness, have been widely praised. He likes to point out that he was born in Holland and is one of the few writers who have sufficiently mastered a foreign tongue to write successfully in it. Sometimes, however, he says uncomfortably that just as one doesn't really know how his face looks to others, one doesn't really know how his writing sounds to others. Van Loon's writing evidently sounds all right to his readers; he reports that he receives ten thousand fan letters a year. He answers every one of them and usually draws gay little sketches on the envelopes containing his replies. He has a vast respect for illness and a friend in a hospital can count on a letter a day from him. One of his friends recalls that when she was ill she asked van Loon for a book by William Seabrook. He brought her a volume and a man whom he introduced by saying "I have not only brought you the book but also its author."

AMONG those whose faith in van Loon remains unshaken by any attacks upon him are his publishers, Richard Simon and Max Schuster. Of them van Loon has happily observed, "One of my successes pays for fifty of their failures," but their feeling for him is so intense that it would be unfair to ascribe it to anything mercenary. "He is a modern Voltaire," Simon declares. "He is a modern Leonardo," Schuster says. A little more than a year ago van Loon's friends gave him a birthday party at his home. Simon brought a huge cake, which he peered at nervously again and again throughout the train ride from New York to Old Greenwich to make sure that the frosting wasn't getting mussed, untying the box each time. Schuster brought him a bathrobe, which he assured everyone cost $125. Of the thirty people attending the party, ten were doctors who had treated van Loon at one time or another during a long sequence of imaginary, and occasionally real, illnesses. Another guest was Toscanini. When van Loon saw him enter, he hoisted his bulk onto his toetips and pranced toward the conductor with the elfin gait he employs when he is about to play a joke. He asked Toscanini for his autograph, then wrote his own on a slip of paper and handed it to the maestro along with twenty-five cents. "That's change," he said, and explained that he had just read that his autograph was valued at fifty cents and Toscanini's was worth seventy-five. At the beginning of the party van Loon was in fine shape, and his conversation, as the result of what he terms his five-track mind, was gratifyingly confusing. As the party wore on, however, he became morose. It developed later that he had expected a birthday greeting from President Roosevelt and he was hurt because it did not come. After all, they are both dog-lovers. When van Loon and his wife visited the White House two years ago, she brought along a gift of biscuits for the President's dog, Falla. A short time later a message of thanks arrived in the President's handwriting. It was signed Falla and addressed to van Loon's dog, Noodle. Not to be outdone, van Loon wrote a letter to Falla and signed it Noodle.

Van Loon is not overawed by the great. When Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands was in New York about a year ago, van Loon was one of her guests at dinner. "Her Majesty," said van Loon, "is used to holding the floor in conversation. I showed her that that wasn't done in America." Although he sometimes insists that he doesn't believe in political democracy, he is one of the most democratic of men. Frequently, while walking the streets of New York, he encounters characters who please him. He takes them wherever he happens to be going and displays them proudly, much as he might a new pair of shoes. At a cocktail party recently he introduced to his hosts a young couple he had acquired on the way with this offhand phrase, "These are Midwesterners." Once he accumulated three sailors, one of them American, one British, and one Norwegian. He

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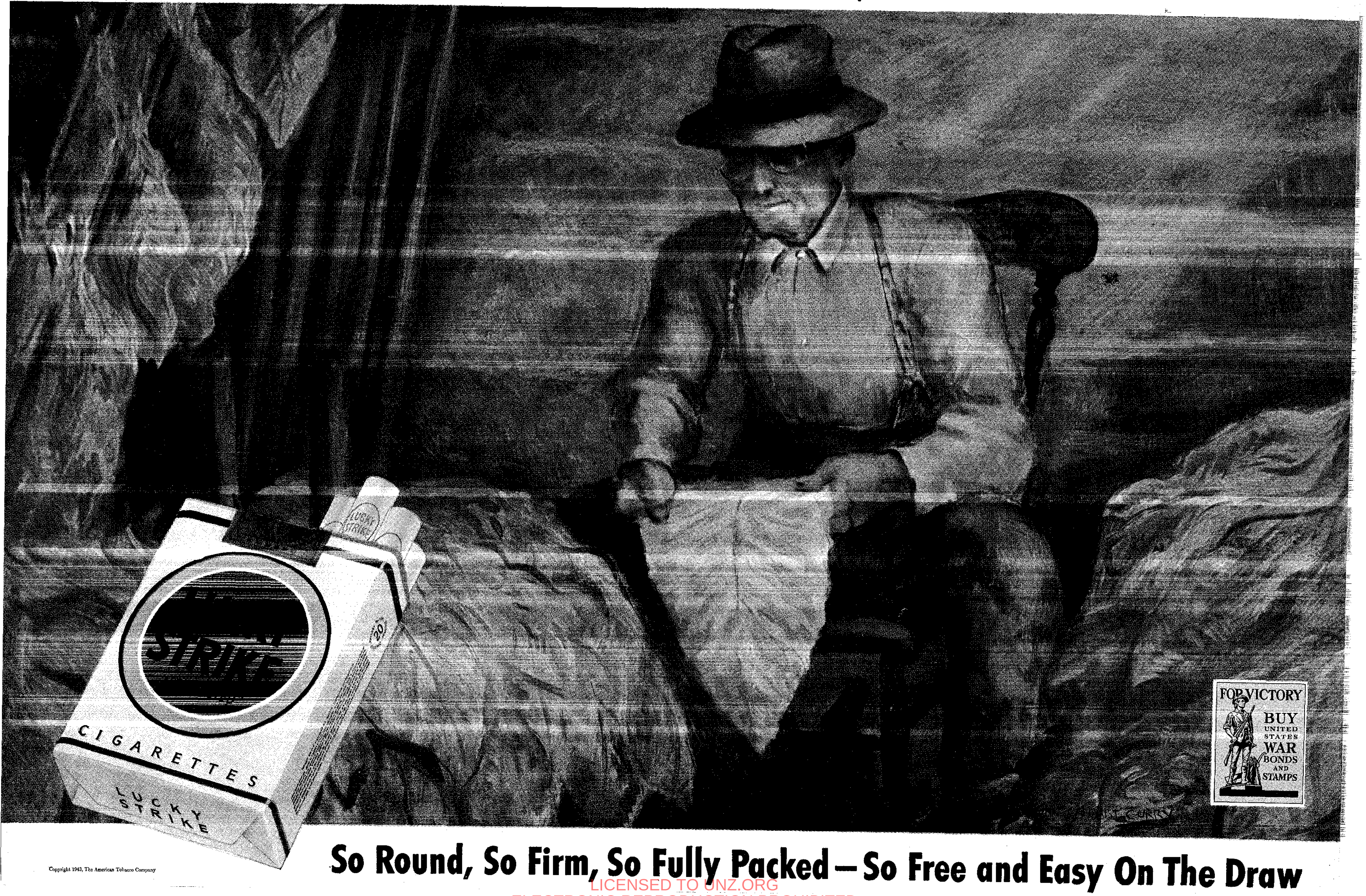
"Old Belt"...Virginia tobacco painted from life by John Steuart Curry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So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

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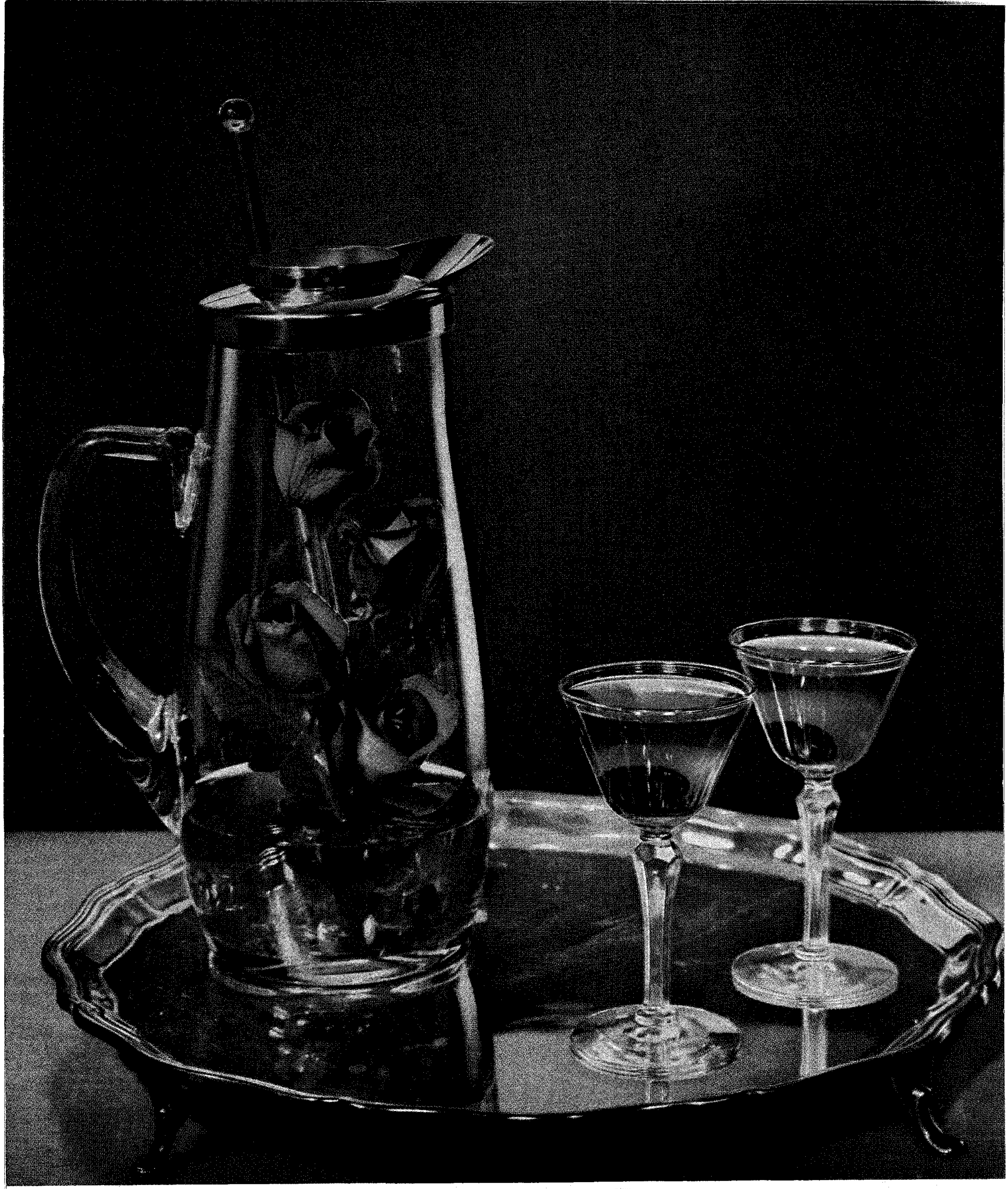

Why the four real roses in the cocktail shaker? To emphasize that Four Roses in your Manhattans makes the finest cocktails you ever tasted!

**How to make the world's finest Manhattan:** Take one part Italian type vermouth and two parts Four Roses Whiskey. Add dash of Angostura Bitters. Stir well with cracked ice (don't shake), strain, and serve with cherry.

* * *

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APRIL 1 to MAY 2
S. HUROK
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RUSSIAN BALLET
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BALLET THEATRE
featuring
Markova • Massine • Baronova • Dolin
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SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
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ALLEN JENKINS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"Enormously Funny" —Atkinson, Times
STAR AND GARTER
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MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St.
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Both Productions Staged by HASSARD SHORT

MATINEE & EVENING PERFS. SAT. & SUN.
LE GALLIENNE · SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
"A HIT" Watts
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GEORGE ABBOTT'S COMEDY HIT
Kiss and Tell
by F. HUGH HERBERT
with JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS • ROBERT KEITH
BILTMORE THEATRE • W. 47th ST.
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DARK EYES
with
EUGENIE LEONTOVICH
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50c $1 & $1.50 PLUS TAX
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Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
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America's Only Ice Theatre
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No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

SHEPARD TRAUBE'S
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ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
JOHN EMERY
JUDITH EVELYN
LEO. G. CARROLL
GOLDEN, West 45th. Evgs. Incl. Sun.
Matinees Saturday & Sunday

took them with him to the Simon & Schuster offices in Rockefeller Center and offered each of them any book on the publishers' list. He was getting ready to autograph three of his own books, which he felt sure they would select, but it was not necessary. All three sailors chose Ripley's "Believe It or Not."

Van Loon's chief rival in his household is his butler, William Spiess, a former lieutenant in the Swiss Army. No man is a hero to his butler, but Spiess is one to his employer. The lieutenant is a calm, dignified extrovert who seldom speaks, and perhaps that is why van Loon reveres him. He never gives his butler an order, but he is not above accepting one from him. Spiess watches his employer's diet carefully and now and then suggests a dish he believes would be good for him or forbids one he believes would be bad. While serving, Spiess sometimes pauses to reach over the head of a guest to the table for a cigarette, which he lights with deliberate grace before resuming his duties. He has made such an impression on van Loon's steady guests that some of them, as soon as they arrive, proceed to the kitchen, where he gives them terse, solid advice on their problems. Since Spiess, his wife, Elsie, who is the cook, and their eleven-year-old daughter, Siglunde, have their own apartment in the household, which they run with a firm hand, it sometimes seems as if they were the owners and the van Loons were the servants. Recently Mrs. Spiess bought a dress for Mrs. van Loon, explaining that she was tired of seeing her in the same one all the time.

Van Loon, in the rampantly patriotic moods that occasionally come upon him, says he can't stand the Dutch. About six months ago, after a year's hard work at the job, he resigned the chairmanship of the Queen Wilhelmina Fund, an organization which collects money for the relief of Dutch war victims. He explained that the Dutch were too Dutch; he couldn't abide their old-fashioned European ways. Sometimes van Loon, who was naturalized in 1919, says sadly that Americans consider him a Dutchman and Dutchmen consider him an American, that he is really a man without a country, and that nobody truly knows him. On such occasions he is likely to add that he speaks Dutch in moments of stress and to predict that when he lies dying his last words will be in his native tongue.

Then his intimates know that he is about to expound his strange theory that he is the reincarnation of Erasmus,

MAX GORDON HITS
"The funniest show we've seen in three years." —Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
$2 TOP ALL PERFS.
JUNIOR MISS
MAJESTIC TH., 44 St., W. of B'way
EVES. INCL. SUN. AT 8:40.
MATINEES SAT. 2:40 & SUN. 3 P.M.

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Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
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NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
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IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

who, like van Loon, was born in Rotterdam. The sixteenth-century monk, who customarily spoke Latin, reverted to his native Dutch upon his deathbed, and van Loon confidently looks forward to completing this final parallel between himself and his famous predecessor. If he is not the reincarnation of Erasmus, he declares, then he must be his illegitimate descendant, the result of some ancient misalliance of which there is no record. This theory takes second place with van Loon. He prefers an out-and-out reincarnation. He bases his conviction that he is Erasmus reincarnated—either by reason of the laws of biology or of other, more abstruse laws—on a long list of similarities between himself and the monk. Speaking in the present tense, van Loon occasionally points out that their handwriting is the same and that both have hands which are large and freckled, both are brilliant conversationalists, both are hypochondriacs, both have long noses, both like to draw, both hate professors, both like catnaps, both had unhappy childhoods, both are kindly, both are tolerant, both wear their spectacles on the ends of their noses, and both are popularizers. Erasmus published a popular handbook of Greek and Latin proverbs and his amiable diatribes against the Church were written in a popular style.

A year ago, eager to submit this overwhelming proof to a skeptical world so that it could form its own judgment, van Loon sponsored a public exhibition revealing the similarities between himself at present, when he is van Loon, and himself four centuries ago, when he was Erasmus. It was held at Holland House, in Rockefeller Center, and included, among other things, a photograph of van Loon's hands and a drawing by Holbein of those of Erasmus, as well as samples of the handwriting of the two men. In addition, van Loon had drawn pictures of himself which were placed beside contemporary portraits of Erasmus, and they were as much alike as if van Loon had had Erasmus in mind when he drew them. He half convinced a few of his friends, who now sometimes say uneasily that maybe van Loon really is Erasmus.

—RICHARD O. BOYER

(*This is the last of three articles on Mr. van Loon.*)

●

Pace Institute, 225 Broadway, will begin a short course in accounting for women on March 4.—*The World-Telegram.*

There is no.

# OF ALL THINGS

Field Marshal Rommel has managed things so cleverly that he has very little territory left to defend. His position is getting snugger and cosier every day.

•

The opening of the red-stamp season found New York in a practically meatless condition. Fears were expressed that our beautiful city might become a vegetarian paradise.

•

While butcher shops and filling stations are having hard going, the antique business is thriving. There is brisk trading in second-hand cars and third-hand ball players.

•

Congressmen are trying to make life easy for us consumers. All we have to do now is sit quietly and watch labor and the farmers raise each other's antes.

•

Nearly every Senate Democrat deserted Roosevelt on the $25,000-salary-top issue. Things were not like that when this old deal was new.

•

The Carnegie-Illinois Corporation admits that its inspectors were not fussy when they were passing upon steel for the Navy. The company promises to be more narrow-minded and intolerant from now on.

•

The Treasury has no evidence that there were many tax defaulters in March. The officials cannot be certain, however, until they have made a complete count of our returns and our noses.

•

The Army declares that our soldiers are better fed than the civilians. Next thing we know, the boys will be writing us some cheery letters to keep up our morale.

•

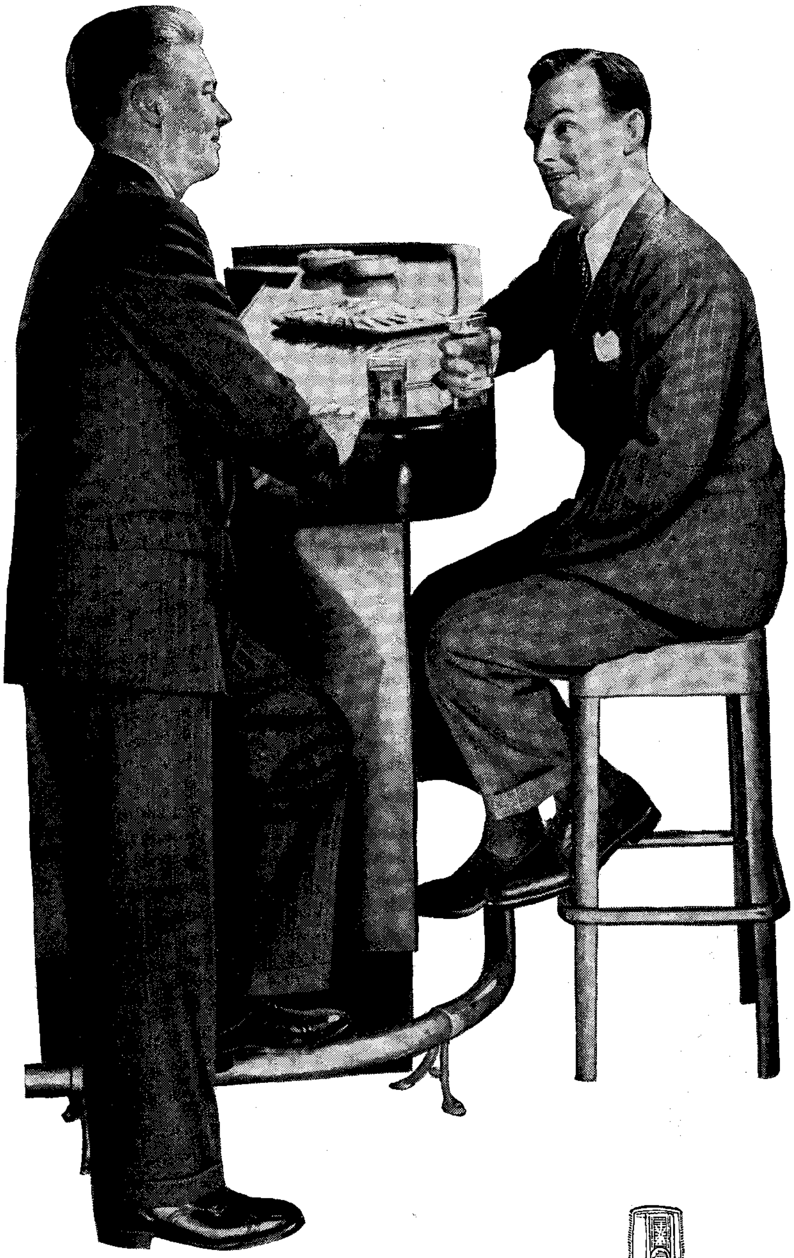
In the recent elections in Denmark, ninety-five per cent of the citizens voted their approval of the democratic way of life. The Danes are not as polite to guests as they used to be.

•

The Office of War Information reports that five million foreigners are at work in the Nazi war industries. These unfortunate people are employed through no fault of their own.

—Howard Brubaker

*"Have you noticed how many people have switched to Canadian Club?"*



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# THE THEATRE

## KING SPIDER

Burton Rascoe, of the *World-Telegram*, referring to George Coulouris's production of "Richard III," has said that it was a treat we shall all discuss with our grandchildren. Greater than Burbage was Mr. Rascoe's temperate estimate of Mr. Coulouris's behavior, and he added a few remarks about the Globe Theatre, a playhouse in vogue a little before my time. I'm sorry to say that Mr. Rascoe and I don't seem to see precisely eye to eye on this proposition. "Richard III," for my dough, is a turgid, unlikely melodrama, crammed with anachronisms and acted in a manner strongly reminiscent of a performance of "Julius Caesar," at the Riverdale Country School, in the course of which I was privileged to stab one Harold Guinzburg, now associated with the Viking Press. Dr. Samuel Johnson, in a brief, characteristic dismissal of "Richard III," said, "Some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. . . . It has been estimated greatly beyond its merits." I think I will just string along with Johnson.

Searching my mind for some reasonable description of Richard's character, I happened to remember the bloodcurdling quatrain about Sir Mordred in the children's pageant of the Table Round as reported by Booth Tarkington:

> I hight Sir Mordred the child, and I teach
> Lessons of selfishest evil and reach
> Out into darkness. Thoughtless, unkind,
> And ruthless is Mordred, and unrefined.

King Richard's estimate of himself is not dissimilar.

"I am determined to prove a villain," he says in a soliloquy, "subtle, false, and treacherous."

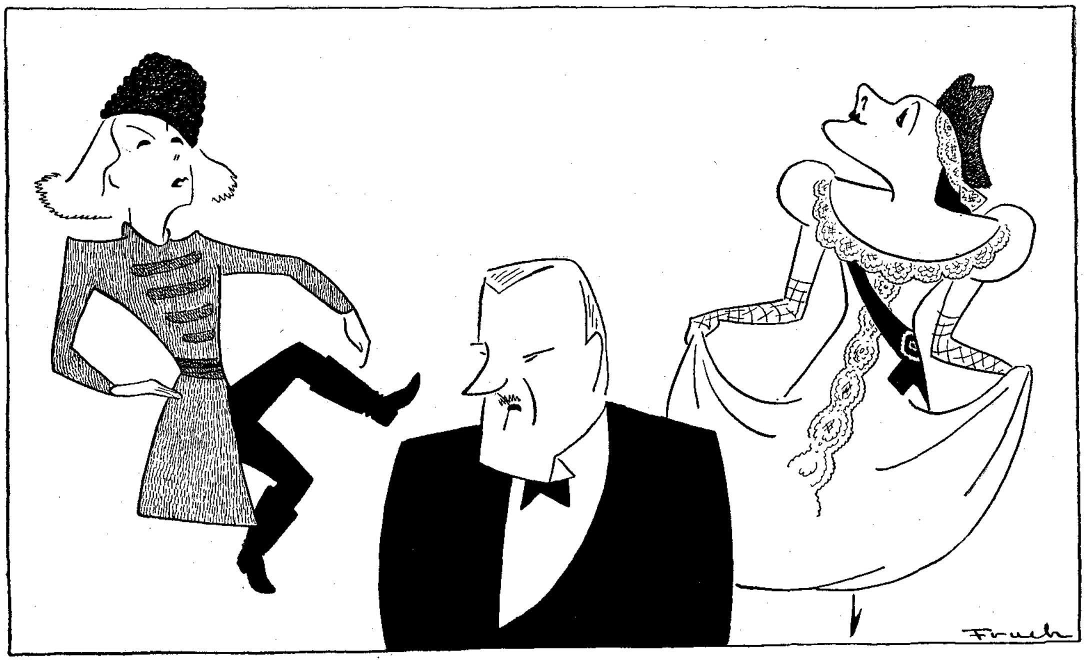
Unlike Sir Mordred the child, he goes on from there to murder five or six people, but the idiom is essentially the same.

Perhaps the most majestic improbability in "Richard III" is the love scene between the widowed Anne and the cheerfully self-confessed assassin of her father and her husband in the very presence of one of the corpses, but there are plenty of others. Mr. Coulouris has removed the ghosts from his last act, but there are still quite a lot of supernatural characters wandering around. If, getting back to Mr. Rascoe, I should happen to discuss this production with my descendants, I would add, I think, only two remarks to the above. One is that it dealt with such an elaborate family tree that the management considered it necessary to print a genealogical table in the program. The other is that it was strangely lacking in the usual quotes so dear and familiar to the non-scholar. "Now is the winter of our discontent" (intelligently transposed by Mr. Coulouris, or somebody, from the opening line to somewhere in the second scene) will naturally ring some little bell in almost every head, and, naturally, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" (Motley's modern setting was obviously inaccessible to anything except a mountain goat) will surprise a good many who had always attributed this remark to Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Kipling or one of that bunch. My only other word to posterity would be that if, in their time, "Richard III" happened to turn up, they would be well advised to turn on the television machine and catch a prizefight or conceivably the President of the United States.

Of Mr. Coulouris, who has been one of my admirations through the years, I can only say that Richard appears to have been an unfortunate choice. Once or twice he manages to suggest the terrible, neurotic cripple who murdered his way to the throne of England, but most of the time he looks remarkably like an actor playing Mr. Hyde in ancient dress. Of the rest of an enormous cast, I would like especially to recommend Philip Bourneuf, whose Buckingham is a model for traitors.

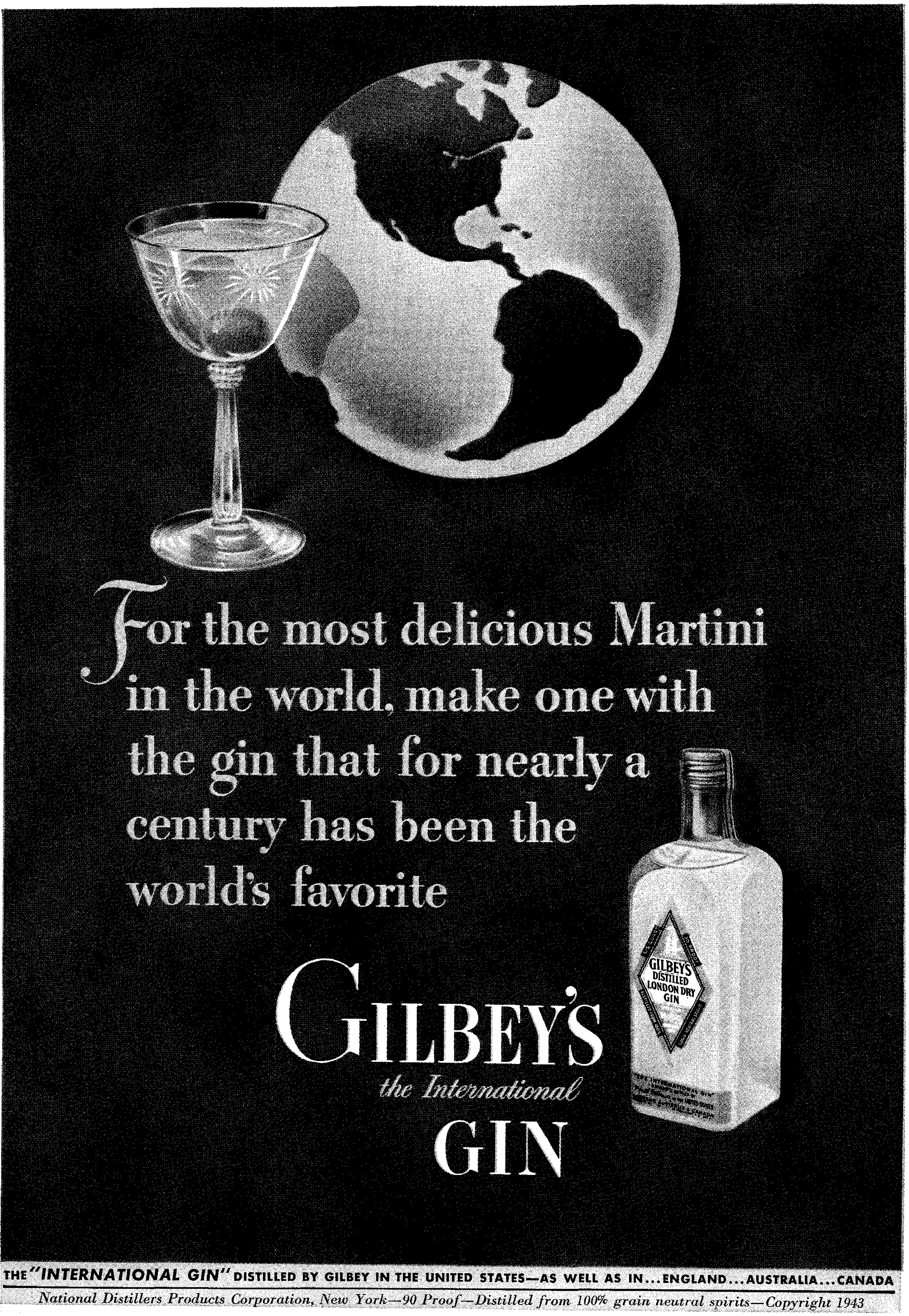
"Apology," with Elissa Landi, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Thelma Schnee, was a minor casualty of the week. Because of my deep respect for all these talented ladies, this will be the extent of my remarks about the play called "Apology."

—Wolcott Gibbs



"DARK EYES"

*The ladies pictured here, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, not only star in the comedy at the Belasco but wrote it as well. Jay Fassett is the Long Island householder who wakes up to find the place full of Russians.*



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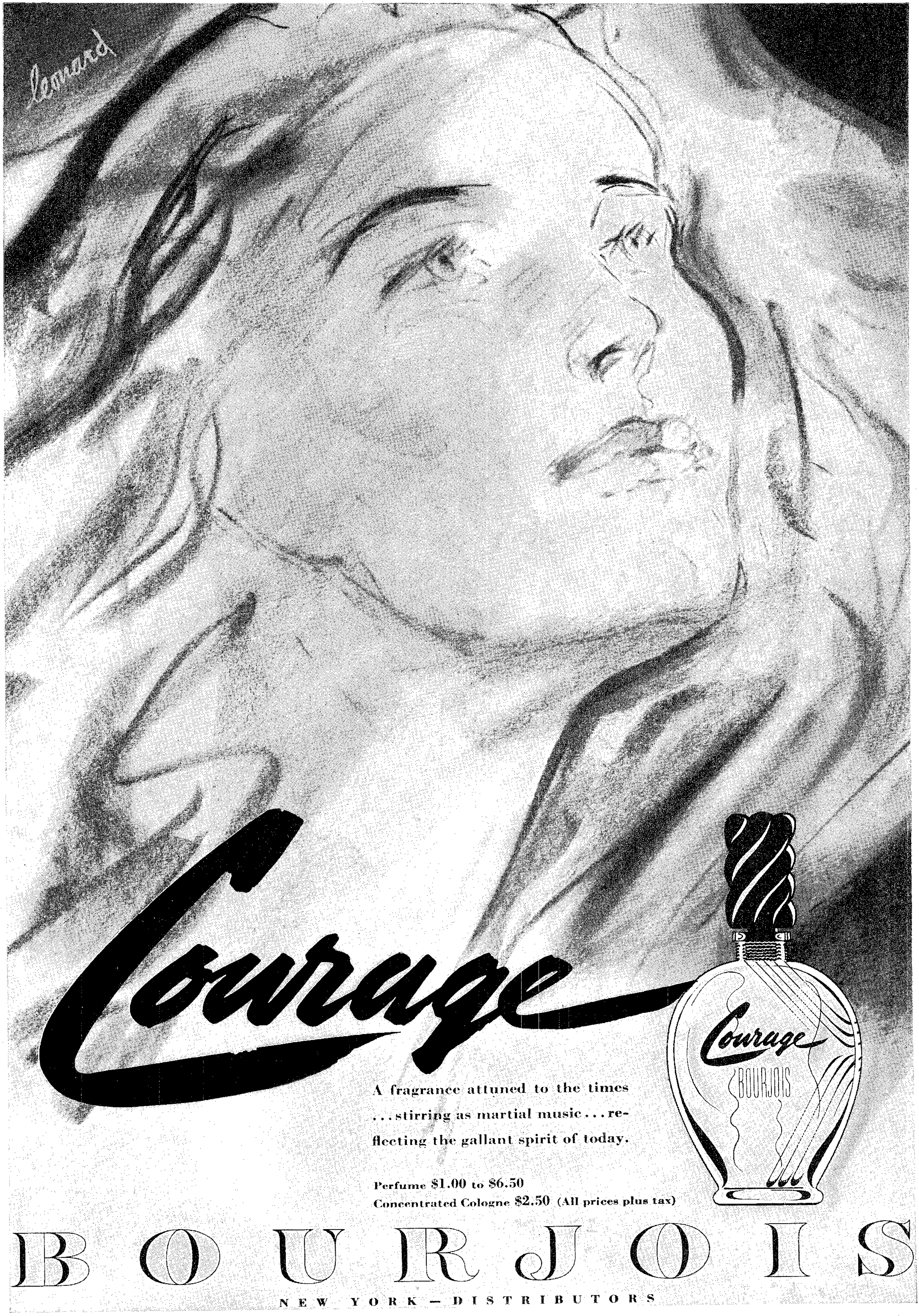
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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## THE FOAMY FIELDS—II

NOT many Mondays ago I was standing in a chow line with my mess tins at an airfield in southern Tunisia, waiting to get into a dugout where some mess attendants were ladling out a breakfast of stew and coffee. The field is enormous, a naturally flat airdrome of white sand and alfa grass that doesn't hold rainwater long enough to spoil the runways—terrain of the kind a French writer once said looked like foamy seas. All around the field there are bulky, reddish mountains. To the east, the sun was just coming up over one of them, and the air was very cold. The mess shack was covered on top and three sides by a mound of earth. It served officers and men of a squadron of P-40 fighters, and on that particular Monday morning I stood between a corporal named Jake Goldstein, who in civilian life had been a Broadway songwriter, and a private named John Smith, of New Hope, Pennsylvania, who used to help his father, a contractor, build houses. Goldstein told me about a lyric he had just written for a song to be called "Bombs." "The music that I think of when it goes through my head now," he said, "is kind of a little like the old tune called 'Smiles,' but maybe I can change it around later. The lyric goes:

There are bombs that sound so snappy,
There are bombs that leave folks sad,
There are bombs that fell on dear old
  Dover,
But those bombs are not so bad.

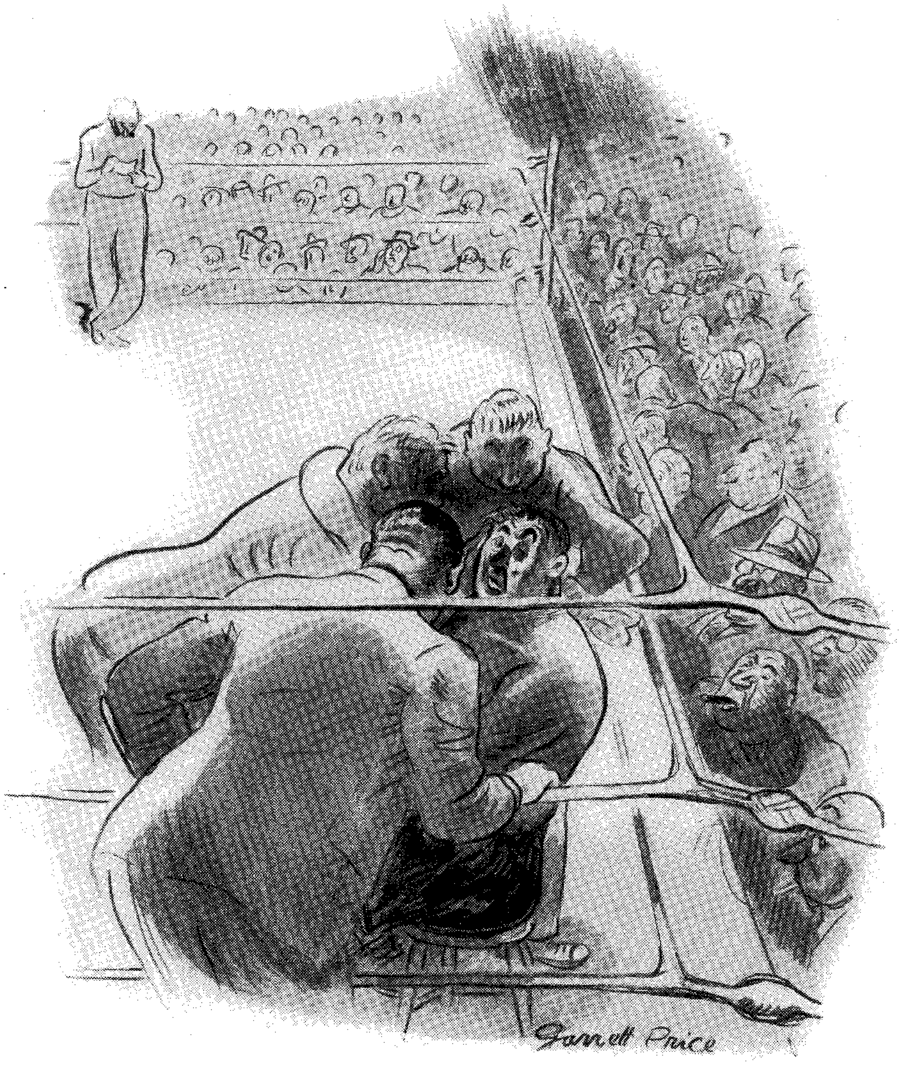
The idea is that the real bad bomb is when this girl quit me and blew up my heart."

"It sounds great," I told the Corporal.

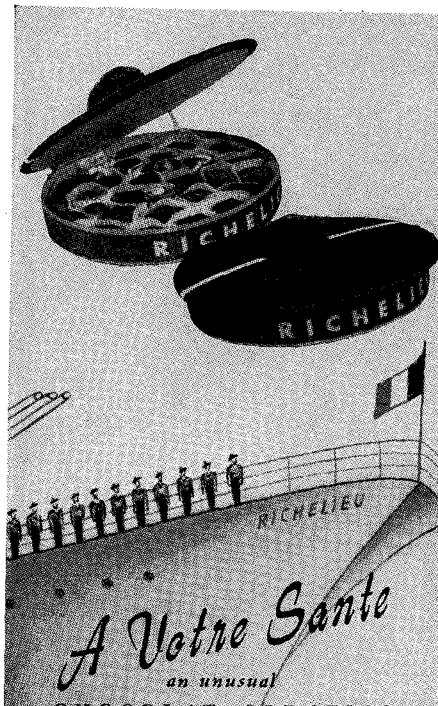
"It will be even bigger than a number I wrote called 'What Do You Hear from Your Heart?'" Goldstein said. "Probably you remember it. Bing Crosby sang it once on the Kraft Cheese Hour. If you happen to give me a little writeup, remember that my name in the songwriting business is Jack Gould." Private Smith started to tell me that he had once installed some plumbing for a friend of mine, Sam Spewack, the writer, in New Hope. "His wife, Bella, couldn't make up her mind where she wanted one of the bathroom fixtures," Smith said, "so I said—"

I never heard any more about Bella Spewack's plumbing, because Major Robert Christman, the commanding officer of the squadron, came up to me and said, "Well, it's a nice, quiet morning." He had his back to the east. I didn't get a chance to answer him, because I started to run like hell to get to the west side of the mound. A number of soldiers who had been scattered about eating their breakfasts off the tops of empty gasoline cans had already started running and dropping their mess things. They always faced eastward while they ate in the morning so that they could see the Messerschmitts come over the mountains in the sunrise. This morning there were nine Messerschmitts. By the time I hit the ground on the lee side of the mound, slender airplanes were twisting above us in a sky crisscrossed by tracer bullets—a whole planetarium of angry worlds and meteors. Behind our shelter we watched and sweated it out. It is nearly impossible to tell Messerschmitts from P-40's when they are maneuvering in a fight, except when one plane breaks off action and leaves its opponent hopelessly behind. Then you know that the one which is distanced is a P-40. You can't help yelling encouragement as you watch a fight, even though no one can hear you and you cannot tell the combatants apart. The Messerschmitts, which were there to strafe us, flew right over the mess shack and began giving the runways and the planes on the field a going-over.

We had sent up four planes on patrol that morning and they tried to engage the strafing planes, but other Germans, flying high to protect the strafers, engaged the patrol. Some "alert" planes that we had in readiness on the perimeter of the field took off in the middle of the scrap, and that was a pretty thing to watch. I saw one of our patrol planes come in and belly-land on the field, smoking. Then I saw another plane twisting out of the sky in a spin that had the soldiers yelling. We all felt that the spinning plane was a Messerschmitt, and it looked like a sure thing to crash



*"I'm gonna take that dive right away. The hell with waitin' till the sixt'."*



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into one of the mountains north of us. When the plane pulled out and disappeared over the summit, the yell died like the howl at Ebbets Field when the ball looks as if it's going into the bleachers and then is snagged by a visiting outfielder. It was a Messerschmitt, all right. A couple of minutes later every one of the German planes had disappeared, with our ships after them like a squad of heavy-footed comedy cops chasing small boys.

The fellows who had ducked for cover hoisted themselves off the ground and looked around for the mess things they had dropped. They were excited and sheepish, as they always are after a strafe party. It is humiliating to have someone run you away, so you make a joke about it. One soldier yelled to another, "When you said 'Flop!' I was there already!" Another, who spoke with a Brooklyn accent, shouted, "Jeez, those tracers looked just like Luna Park!"

We formed the chow line again and one fellow yelled to a friend, "What would you recommend as a good, safe place to eat?"

"Lindy's, at Fifty-first Street," the other soldier answered.

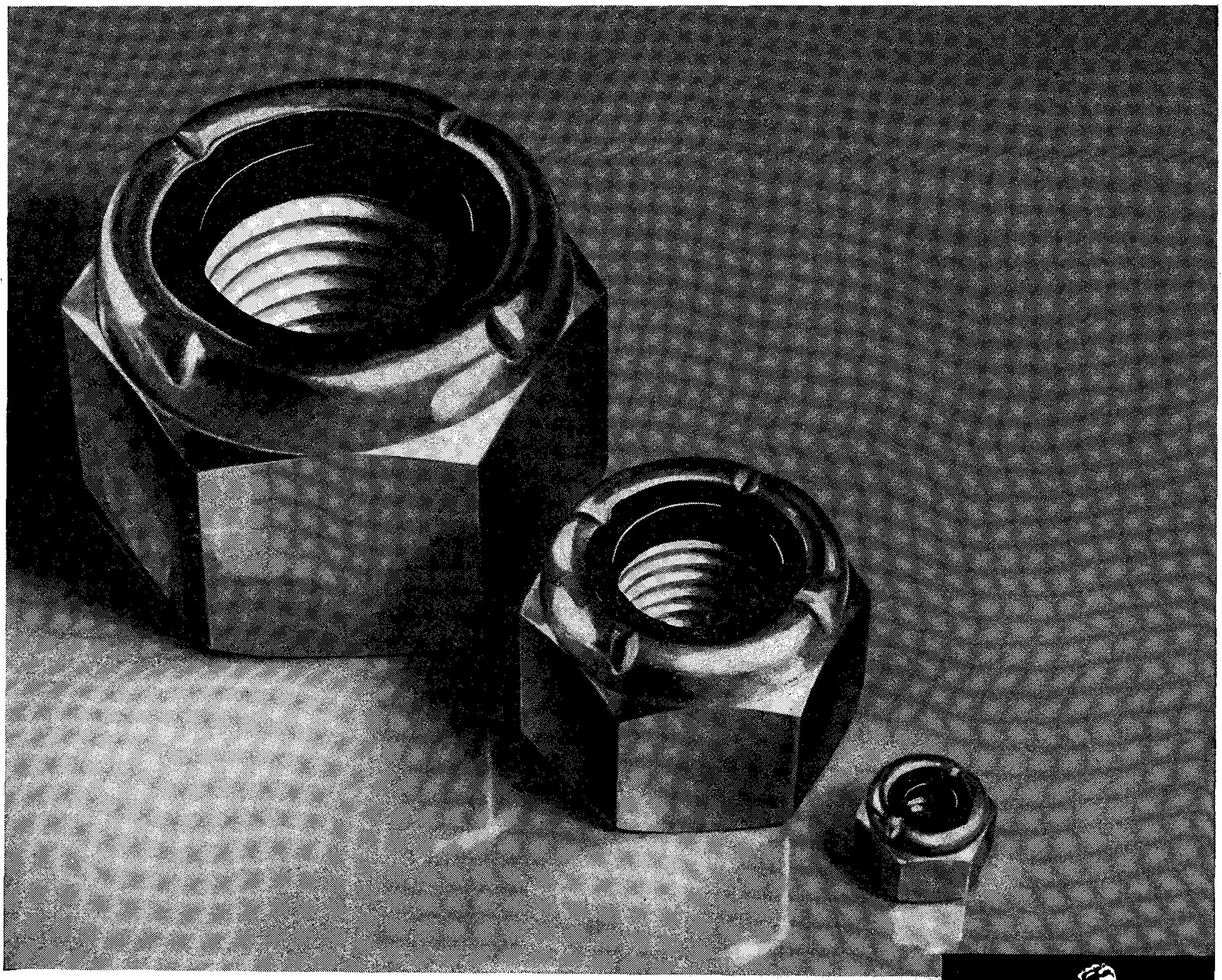
"The way the guys ran, it was like a Christmas rush at Macy's," somebody else said.

Everybody tried hard to be casual. Our appetites were even better than they had been before, the excitement having joggled up our internal secretions. There were arguments about whether the plane that had escaped over the mountain would crash before reaching the German lines. I was scraping the last bits of stew from my mess tin with a sliver of hard biscuit when a soldier came up and told me that Major ——, whom I had never met, had been killed on the field, that five men had been wounded, and that one A-20 bomber had been ruined on the ground.

AFTER I had washed up my tins, I walked over to the P-40 squadron operations shack, because I wanted to talk to a pilot familiarly known as Horse about a fight he had been in two days before. The day it had happened I had been visiting a P-38 squadron's headquarters on the field. I had seen eight P-38's go out to attack some German tanks and only five come back, two of them badly damaged. A lot of Focke-Wulf 190's had attacked the P-38's over the target, and Horse and three other P-40 pilots, who were protecting the 38's, had been up above the 190's. Horse was a big fellow with a square, tan face and a blond beard. He came from a town called Quanah, in Texas, and he was always showing his friends a tinted picture of his girl, who was in the Waves. Horse was twenty-five, which made him practically a patriarch in that squadron, and everybody knew that he was being groomed to command a squadron of his own when he got his captaincy. He was something of a wit. Once I heard one of the other boys say that now that the field had been in operation for six weeks, he thought it was time the men should build a shower bath. "The next thing we know," Horse said, "you'll be wanting to send home for your wife."

I found Horse and asked him about the fight. He said he was sorry that the 38's had had such a bad knock. "I guess maybe it was partly our fault," he said. "Four of our ships had been sent out to be high cover for the 38's. They didn't see any 38's or Jerries either, so when their gas was beginning to run low they started for home. Myself and three other fellows had started out to relieve them and we passed them as they came back. The 38's must have arrived over the tanks just then, and the 190's must have been hiding at the base of a cloud bank above the 38's but far below us. When we got directly over the area, we could see tracers flying way down on the deck. The 190's had dived from the cloud and bounced the 38's, who never had a chance, and the 38's were streaking for home. We started down toward the 190's, but it takes a P-40 a long time to get anywhere and we couldn't help. Then four more 190's dived from way up top and bounced us. I looped up behind one of them as he dived. My two wing men were right with me. I put a good burst into the sonofabitch and he started to burn, and I followed him down. I must have fired a hundred and twenty-five rounds from each gun. It was more fun than a county fair. Gray, my fourth man, put a lot of lead into another 190, and I doubt if it ever got home. The other two Jerries just kept on going."

The P-40 operations shack was set deep in the ground and had a double tier of bunks along three of its walls. Sand and grass were heaped over the top of the shack, and the pilots said that even when they flew right over it, it was hard to see, which cheered them considerably. The pilots were flying at least two missions a day and spent most of the rest of the time lying in the bunks in their flying clothes, under as many coats and blankets as they could find. The atmosphere in the shack was a thick por-



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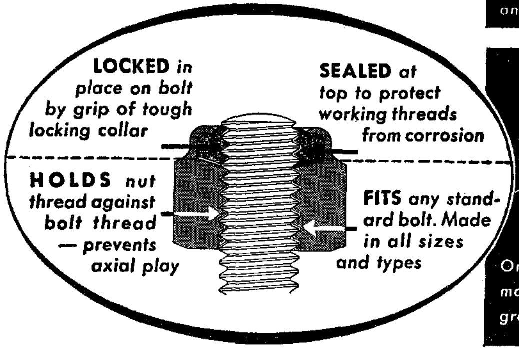
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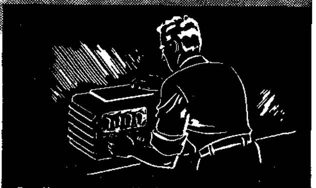

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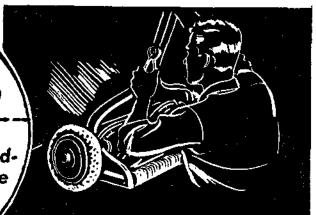

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*To make the mixed drinks shown above (l. to r.)*

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**PARADISE:** ⅓ gin, ⅔ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur. Shake well with ice, strain.

**NATIONALE:** ½ rum, ¼ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, ¼ pineapple juice. Shake well with ice, strain, decorate with pineapple stick and cherry.

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ridge of dust diluted by thin trickles of cold air. Major Christman, the squadron leader, once said in a pleased tone, "This joint always reminds me of a scene in 'Journey's End.' " The pilots, most of whom were in their earliest twenties, took a certain perverse satisfaction in their surroundings. "Here we know we're at war," one of them said to me. "Not that I wouldn't change for a room and bath at a good hotel."

DURING most of my stay at the field I lived not in the Journey's End shack but in one known as the Hotel Léon because technically it belonged to a French lieutenant named Léon, a liaison officer between the French forces and our fliers. It was the newest and finest dugout on the field, with wooden walls and a wooden floor and a partition dividing it down the middle, and the floor was sunk about five feet below ground level. When I arrived at the field, there were plans to cover the part of the shack that projected above ground with sand, in which Léon intended to plant alfa. I was travelling with an Associated Press correspondent named Norgaard, and soon after our arrival Léon, a slender man with a thin, intelligent face and round, brown eyes, welcomed us to his palace. We put our stuff into the shack and emerged to find Léon throwing a modest shovelful of sand against one of the walls. Norgaard offered to help him. "There is only one shovel," Léon said with relief, pressing it into Norgaard's hands. "It is highly interesting for our comfort and safety that the house be covered entirely with sand. I am very occupied." Then he walked rapidly away, and Norgaard and I took turns piling sand around the Hotel Léon for endless hours afterward. Léon always referred to a telephone switchboard as a switching board, oil paper as oily paper, a pup tent as a puppy tent, and a bedding roll as a rolling bed.

After my talk with Horse, I walked over to the Hotel Léon and found it crowded, as it usually was. Only Léon and Norgaard and I, together with Major Philip Cochran and Captain Robert Wylie, lived in the hotel, but during the day Cochran and Léon used it as an office, and that was why it was crowded. When I had first come to the field, it had been operating for six weeks practically as an outpost, for there was just a unit of American infantry, fifty miles to the southeast, between it and the region occupied by Rommel's army. Cochran, though only a major, had run the field for almost the entire period, but by the time I arrived he had reverted to the status of operations officer. The shack had telephone lines to detachments of French troops scattered thinly through the hills to our east, and they called up at all hours to tell Léon where German tanks were moving or to ask our people to do some air reconnaissance or drop bags of food to a platoon somewhere on a mountain. The French had no trucks to transport food. Sometimes Cochran flew with American transport planes to tell them where to drop parachute troops and sometimes he flew with bombers to tell them where to drop bombs. Because of Cochran's and Léon's range of activities, they always had a lot of visitors.

Attached to the partition in the shack were two field telephones, one of which answered you in French and the other in English. Two soldier clerks, who were usually pounding typewriters, sat on a bench in front of a shelf along one wall. One of them was Corporal Goldstein, the songwriter. The other was a private first class named Otto, who wore metal-rimmed spectacles with round lenses and belonged to the Pentecostal brethren, an evangelical sect which is against fighting and profanity. Otto owned some barber tools, and he cut officers' hair during office hours and enlisted men's at night. That morning he was cutting the hair of Kostia Rozanoff, the commandant of the Lafayette Escadrille, a French P-40 outfit that was stationed at the field. Rozanoff was a blond, round-headed Parisian whose great-grandfather was Russian. Otto, perhaps taking a cue from the shape of Rozanoff's skull, had clipped him until he looked like Erich Von Stroheim, but there was no mirror, so Rozanoff was happy anyway. Cochran, dressed in a dirty old leather flying jacket, had just come back from a mission in the course of which he thought he had destroyed a 190, and was trying to tell about that while nearly everybody else in the shack was trying to tell him about the morning's strafing. Also in the shack was Colonel Edson D. Raff, the well-known parachutist, who had once unexpectedly found himself in command of all the American ground forces in southern Tunisia and for weeks had successfully bluffed enemy forces many times larger. He had flown in from his post in Gafsa in a small plane which he used as his personal transport. He was crowded in behind Otto's barbering elbow and was trying to talk to Cochran over Rozanoff's head. Raff is short and always wears a short carbine slung over

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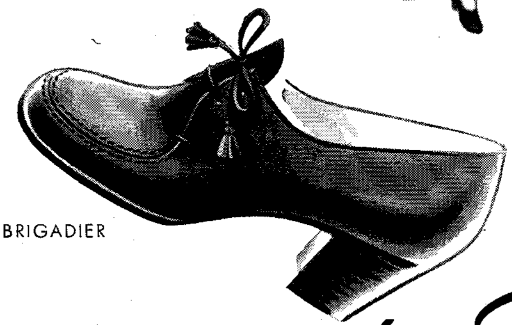

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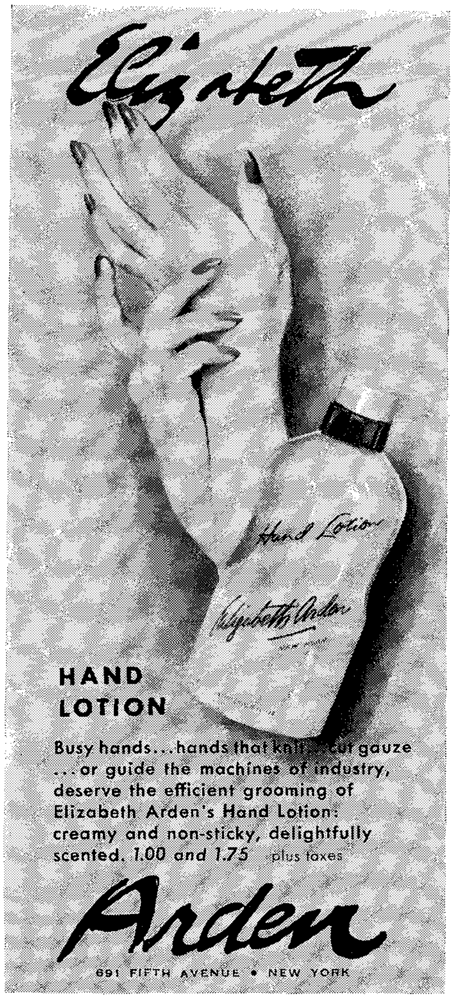

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his left shoulder, even indoors. He invariably flies very low in his plane to minimize the risk of being potted by a Messerschmitt. "I have one foot trailing on the ground," he says.

Lieutenant Colonel William Momyer, the commanding officer of the field, was sitting between Rozanoff and Corporal Goldstein, telling about a mission he had been on himself that morning, escorting a lot of A-20's over Kebili, a town where the Italians had begun to repair a dynamited causeway across the Chott Djerid. "I bet the wops will never get any workmen to go back to that place," Momyer said. "We scared hell out of them." Momyer had shot down a Junkers 88 and a Messerschmitt within a week. He was hot.

Among the others in the shack that morning were Norgaard, the Associated Press man, and a tall P-40 pilot named Harris, who kept asking Léon whether any French unit had telephoned to report finding the Messerschmitt he had been shooting at during the strafing episode, because he was sure it must have crashed. It was the Messerschmitt we had seen pull out of the spin over the mountain. The English-speaking telephone rang and Captain Wylie answered it. He has the kind of telephone voice that goes with a large, expensive office, which he probably had in civilian life. It was somebody up the line asking for Major ——, the officer who had just been machine-gunned in the strafing. "Major —— has been killed," Wylie said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

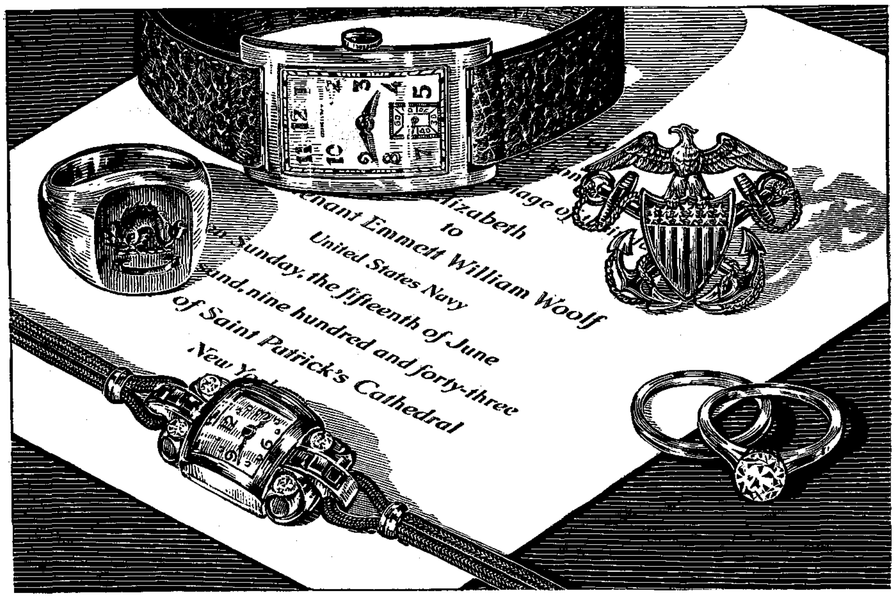
THERE was a variety of stuff on the field when I was there. In addition to Christman's P-40 squadron and the Lafayette Escadrille, there was a second American P-40 squadron commanded by a Major Hubbard, which had a full set of pilots but only five ships. This was because the powers that be had taken away the other ships and given them to the Lafayettes in the interest of international good will. Hubbard's pilots were not sore at the Lafayettes, but they didn't think much of the powers that be. There was also a bomber squadron. The people on our field were not by any means sitting targets. They constantly annoyed the Germans, and that is why the Germans were so keen on "neutralizing" the field. But they didn't come back that day, and neither lunch nor dinner was disturbed.

The guests of the Hotel Léon often didn't go to the mess shack for dinner, because Léon would prepare dinner for them on the premises. He was a talented cook who needed the stimulation of a public, which was, that Monday evening, us. He also needed Wylie to keep the fire in the stove going, Cochran to wash dishes, and me and Norgaard to perform assorted chores. He got eggs from the Arabs and wine from a nearby French engineer unit, and he had gathered a choice assortment of canned goods from the quartermaster's stores. He also bought sheep and pigs from farmers. Léon's idea of a campaign supper was a *soufflé de poisson*, a *gigot*, and an *omelette brûlée à l'armagnac*. He made the *soufflé* out of canned salmon. The only trouble with dining at Léon's was that dinner was seldom ready before half past eight and it took until nearly midnight to clean up afterward.

During that Monday dinner we speculated on what the enemy would do next day. Norgaard said it was hell to have to get up early to catch the Germans' morning performance, but Cochran, the airfield's official prophet, and a successful one, said, "They'll want to make this one a big one tomorrow, so you can sleep late. They won't be over until two-thirty in the afternoon." Momyer, who was having dinner at the hotel that night, agreed that there would be something doing, but he didn't predict the time of day. Léon said, "I think also that there is something cooking in." Momyer decided to maintain a patrol of eight planes over the field all day. "Of course, maybe that's just what they want us to do, use our planes defensively, so we will fly less missions," he said, "but I think this time we ought to do it."

I HAD such faith in Cochran that it never occurred to me that the Germans would attack us before the hour he had named, and they didn't. The only enemy over the field the following morning was Photo Freddie, a German reconnaissance pilot who had become a local character. He came every morning at about forty thousand feet, flying a special Junkers 86 job so lightened that it could outclimb any fighter. The anti-aircraft guns would fire, putting a row of neat, white smoke puffs a couple of miles below the seat of Freddie's pants, the patrol planes would lift languidly in his direction, like the hand of a fat man waving away a fly, and Photo Freddie would scoot off toward Sicily, or wherever he came from, to develop his pictures, thus discovering where all the planes on the field were placed. The planes were always moved around after he left, and we used to wonder what the general of the Luftwaffe said to poor Freddie when the bombers failed to find the planes where he had photographed them. Now and then some pilot tried to catch Photo Freddie by getting an early start, climbing high above the field, and then stooging around until he appeared. Freddie, however, varied the hour of his matutinal visits, and since a P-40 cannot fly indefinitely, the pilot would get disgusted and come down. I do not think anybody really wanted to hurt Freddie anyway. He was part of the local fauna, like the pet hens that wandered about the field and popped into slit trenches when bombs began to fall.

At about twenty minutes past two that afternoon Norgaard and I returned to the Hotel Léon to do some writing. An Alsatian corporal in the French army was working in front of the shack, making a door for the entrance. The corporal had been assigned by the French command to build Léon's house, and he was a hard worker. He always kept his rifle by him while he was working. He had a long brown beard, which he said he was going to let grow until the Germans were driven out of Tunisia. Only Goldstein and Otto were inside the hut this time. I said to Goldstein, "Why don't you write a new number called 'One-Ninety, I Love You'?" Otto, who had been reading the *Pentecostal Herald*, said, "I do not think that would be a good title. It would not be popular." At that precise moment all of us heard the deep woomp of heavy ack-ack. It came from one of the British batteries in the mountains around the field. We grabbed our tin hats and started for the doorway. By the time we got there, the usual anti-aircraft show was on. In the din we could easily distinguish the sound of our Bofors guns, which were making their peculiar seasick noises—not so much a succession of reports as one continuous retch. The floor of the shack, as I have said, was five feet below ground level and the Alsatian had not yet got around to building steps down to the entrance, so we had a nice, rectangular hole just outside from which to watch developments. The Germans were bombing now, and every time a bomb exploded, some of the sand heaped against the wooden walls was driven into the shack through the knotholes. The only trouble was that whenever a bomb went off we pulled in our heads and stopped observing. Then we looked out again until the next thump. After several of these thumps there was a straight row of columns of black smoke a couple of hundred yards to our right. I poked my



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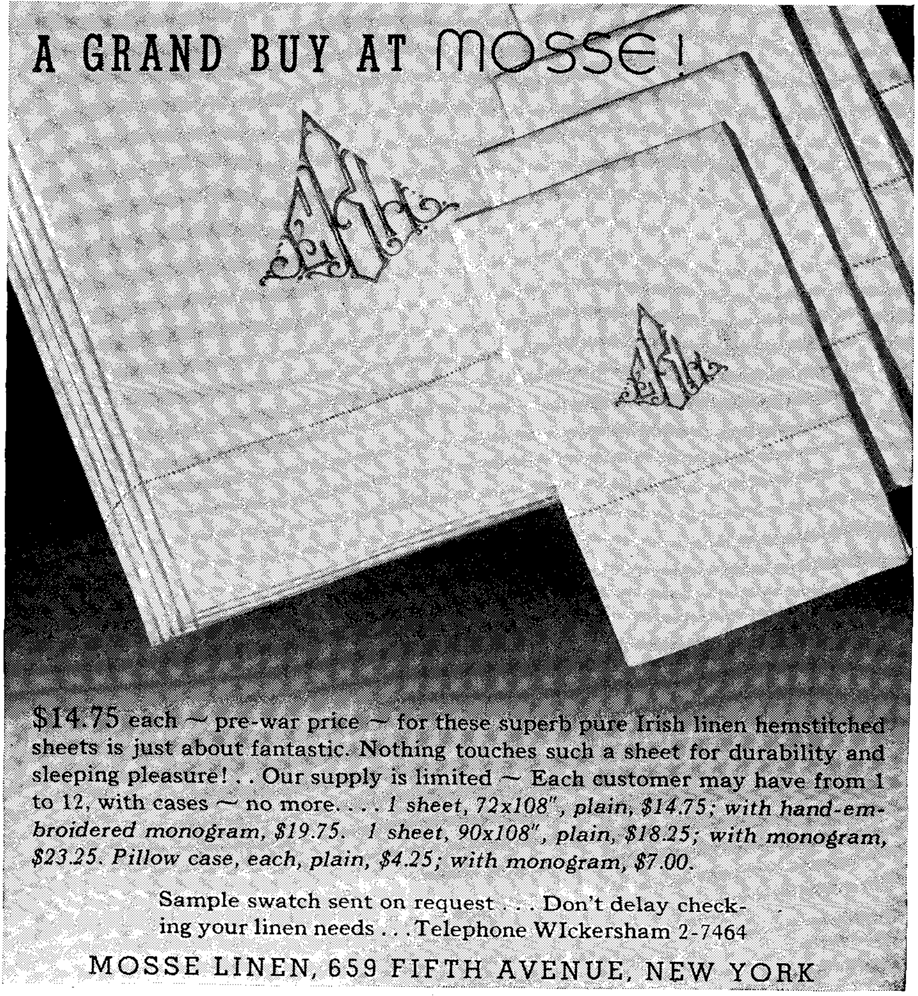

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head above ground level and discovered the Alsatian corporal kneeling and firing his rifle, presumably at an airplane which I could not see. The smoke began to clear and we hoisted ourselves out of the hole to try and find out what had happened. "I do not think I touched," the Alsatian said. A number of dogfights were still going on over the mountains. Scattered about the field, men, dragging themselves out of slit trenches, were pointing to the side of a mountain to the north, where there was smoke above a downed plane.

Léon had a little and old Citroën car, which he said had become, through constant association with the United States Army, "one naturalized small jeeps." He had left it parked behind the shack, and as Norgaard and I stood gawping about, Léon came running and shouted that he was going out to the fallen plane. We climbed into the naturalized jeeps and started across the field toward the mountainside. At one of the runways, we met a group of P-40 pilots, including Horse, and I yelled to them, "Was it theirs or ours?" "Ours, I think," Horse said. We kept on going. When we reached the other side of the field, we cut across country, and Léon could not make much speed. A couple of soldiers with rifles thumbed a ride and jumped on the running boards. As we went out across plowed fields and up the mountain toward the plane, we passed dozens of soldiers hurrying in the same direction.

When we arrived where the plane had fallen, we found three trucks and at least fifty men already there. The plane had been a Messerschmitt 109 belonging to the bombers' fighter escort. Flames were roaring above the portion deepest in the earth, which I judged was the engine. Screws, bolts, rings, and unidentifiable bits of metal were scattered over an area at least seventy-five yards square. Intermingled with all this were widely scattered red threads, like the bits left in a butcher's grinder when he has finished preparing an order of chopped steak. "He never even tried to pull out," a soldier said. "He must have been shot through the brain. I seen the whole thing. The plane fell five thousand feet like a hunk of lead." There was a sour smell over everything—not intolerable, just sour. "Where is the pilot?" Norgaard asked. The soldier waved his hand with a gesture that included the whole area. Norgaard, apparently for the first time, noticed the red threads. Most of the soldiers were rummaging amid the wreckage, searching for souvenirs. Somebody said that the pilot's automatic pistol, always the keepsake most eagerly sought, had already been found and appropriated. Another soldier had picked up some French and Italian money. How these things had survived the pilot's disintegration I do not know. While the soldiers walked about, turning over bits of the plane with their feet, looking for some object which could serve as a memento, an American plane came over and everybody began to run before someone recognized it for what it was. Just as we came back, a soldier started kicking at something on the ground and screaming. He was one of the fellows who had ridden out on our running boards. He yelled, "There's the sonofabitch's God-damn guts! He wanted my guts! He nearly had my guts, God damn him!" Another soldier went up to him and bellowed, "Shut up! It ain't nice to talk that way!" A lot of other men began to gather around. For a minute or so the soldier who had screamed stood there silently, his shoulders pumping up and down, and then he began to blubber.

Léon picked up a large swatch of the Messerschmitt's tail fabric as a trophy, and as the soldiers walked away from the wreck most of them carried either similar fragments or pieces of metal. After a while Norgaard and I climbed into Léon's car and the three of us started back toward the field. When we arrived, we learned that a lieutenant named Walter Scholl, who had never been in a fight before, had shot down the Messerschmitt. He was the fellow who, in the Cornell-Dartmouth football game of 1940, threw the famous fifth-down touchdown pass for Cornell, the one that was completed for what was considered a Cornell victory until movies of the game showed that it shouldn't have been Cornell's ball at all and the decision had to be reversed. Two other pilots had shot down two Junkers 88 bombers. One of our planes on the ground had been destroyed, and a slit trench had caved in on two fellows, nearly frightening them to death before they could be dug out.

—A. J. LIEBLING

*(This is the second of a series of articles about an airfield somewhere in southern Tunisia. The first appeared in the March 20th issue.)*

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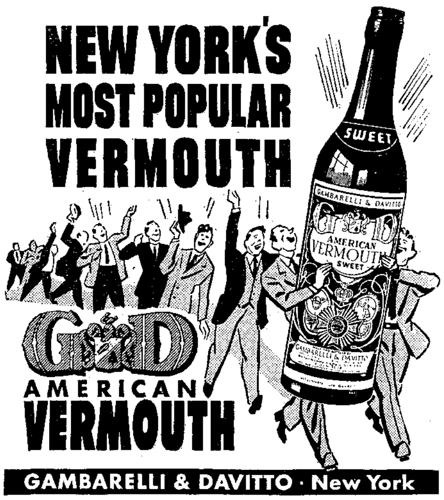

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 28 (BY CABLE)

MR. CHURCHILL'S historic broadcast dominated the minds and the talk of the majority of Britons last week, at workshop benches or kitchen stoves, in Pall Mall clubs or the local Pig and Whistle. The general exhilaration produced by people's first and, some thought, overdue peek at the Churchillian shape of things to come was, however, overshadowed by the almost simultaneous setback in Tunisia. Possibly this was a timely footnote to the Prime Minister's warning that there are still plenty of tough times ahead before the British can get down to the job of putting their own house in order and lending a hand in spring-cleaning the neighbors'. Public reaction to the news of the successful German counterattack, coming so soon after the excitement over the breaching of the Mareth Line, was notably and sensibly calm. People really believe, like General Montgomery, that nothing can stop the Eighth Army, and they seemed as unfussed by the midweek troubles as passengers on a crack liner encountering a little rough weather. The principal anxiety, judging by the way Londoners discussed the reversal, was that any delays in the North African schedule might mean missing the connection with the first train to Europe.

The Churchill broadcast made history here for several reasons. In the first place, it neatly knocked on the head the widely held notion that the Prime Minister was less interested in the domestic issues of the peace than in the military problems of the war. Though on closer inspection a good deal of the proposed four-year plan didn't seem to amount to anything more revolutionary than a little Beveridge with Churchill trimmings, the way in which it was served up made it seem startlingly novel. "It was as if," observed the *Manchester Guardian*, "Mr. Churchill, the reluctant invalid, had been re-reading the speeches of Mr. Churchill, the social reformer of thirty-odd years ago."

The public, which is used to being galvanized by "blood, sweat, and tears" oratory, was even more electrified at being cosily invited to draw up its chairs to the No. 10 fireside and discuss a practical postwar program which would

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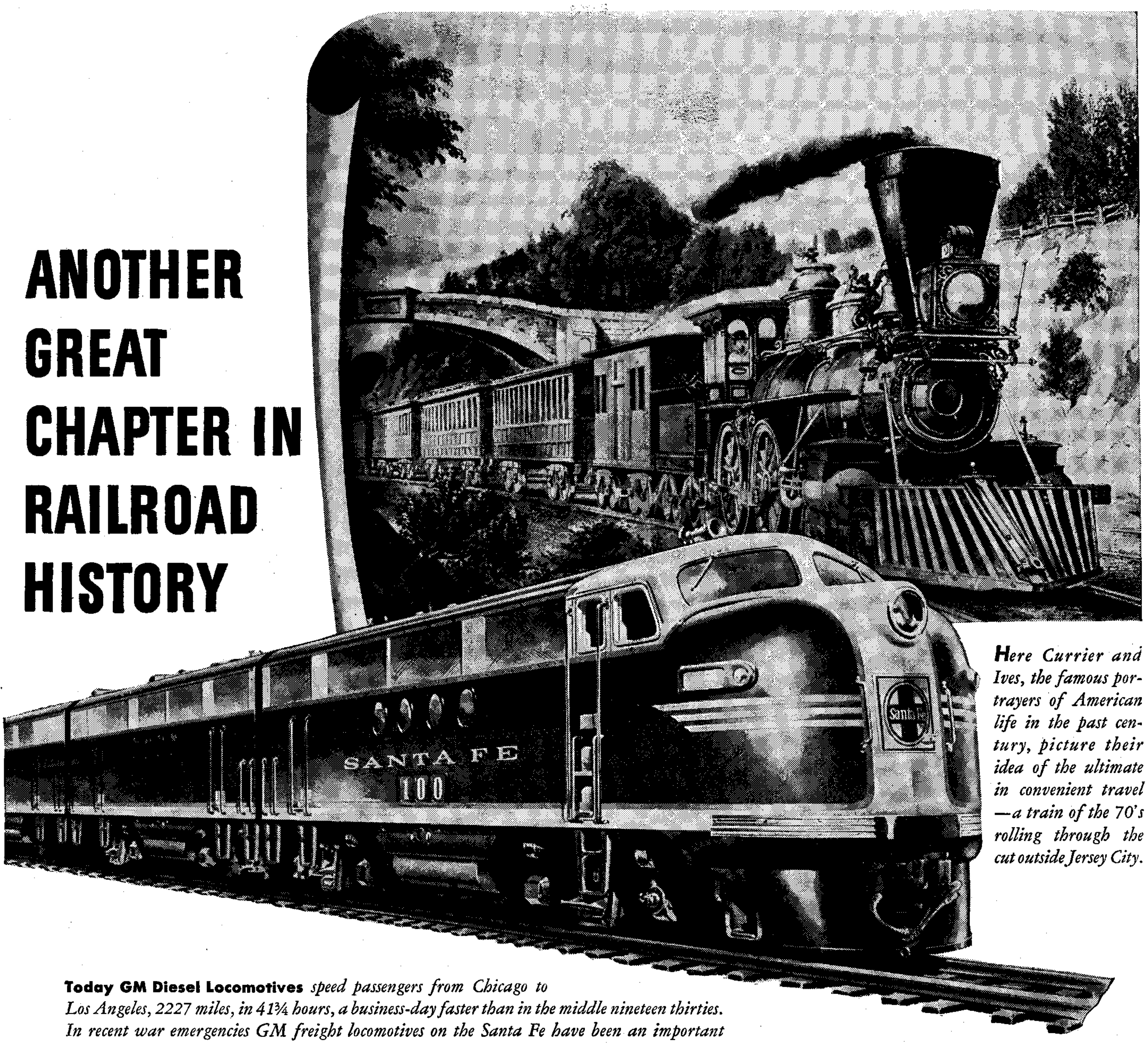

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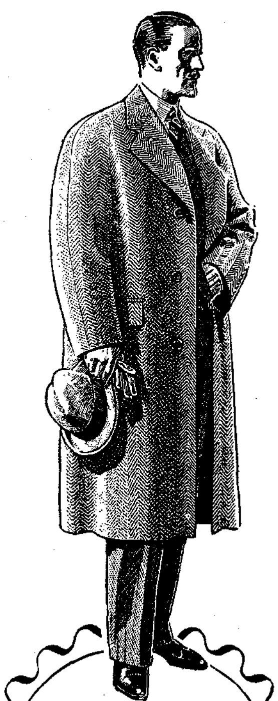

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include work for all, a more liberal educational policy that would rule out old-school-tie snobbery, television sets for happy agricultural workers, and milk for better and more babies. Some Churchill points were singled out for more discussion than others in different sections of the community. Possibly the most eagerly talked-over feature in the Pig and Whistle gatherings was the statement that, because of income-tax rebates, the end of the war would find several million people warming a neat little nest egg of two or three hundred pounds apiece. In political circles the keenest interest was taken in Mr. Churchill's announcement that when peace arrives it is not his intention to utter a *nunc dimittis* and retire into political twilight, loaded with honors bestowed by a grateful nation. A large portion of his speech could hardly have been enjoyed by the more diehard elements in Mr. Churchill's own party, and there is a fresh crop of speculations about the possibility of a new Centre Party, a notion already much discussed, which Mr. Churchill might head after the war. There was also, here and there, a certain feeling of disappointment over the thought that his outline of social reforms must largely remain on paper until after the cease-fire comes. Though the general reaction to what was probably his most important domestic wartime utterance was one of encouragement and stimulation, lots of his listeners hoped that the magic phrase "after the war" was really going to turn out to be a trumpet call rather than a mighty handy shelf.

PLENTY of Londoners are less bothered at the moment about what sort of postwar living conditions they're going to have than about the question of where they're going to live right now in this crowded city. The shortage of furnished flats and the steep jump in rents are bringing furrows to the brows of the local inhabitants and the floating American population alike. Unfortunately, the old idea that every American is a Rockefeller seems to have gained popularity again, with the result that the managements of centrally located buildings are now demanding rents for one-room furnished flats that a short time back they were asking, and not getting, for a sizable family affair. The situation is all the more acute because many West End blocks have been taken over as offices either by the British or the various Allied governments in London and most hotels and clubs now limit the number of days that a guest may stay. Bona-fide war workers, both English

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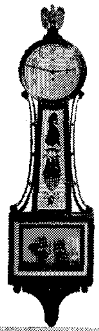

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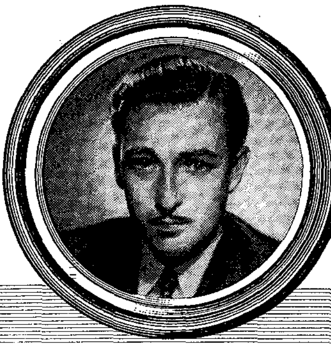

SONNY DUNHAM
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
*PLUS A*
*GREAT ALL-NEW*
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and American, wearily tramping around looking for a place to lay their heads, not unnaturally feel rather jaundiced at the sight of the rows of deserted mansions in residential squares and crescents, emptied by the big blitz and kept that way by crippling taxation and lack of domestic help. Lots of citizens think that rents ought to be controlled before any serious souring of Anglo-American amity occurs and that it would be a good idea to move out some of the caretakers and their cats from the unoccupied houses and move in officials and their typists.

THE Artists' International Association has just had an earnest show entitled "For Liberty" in John Lewis's blitzed basement. The pictures set out to interpret the Four Freedoms and, maybe because the artists were overawed by the idea, mainly succeeded in being pretty poor art. The big drawing card was a large new Augustus John, "The Fisherman's Return," which cheerfully ignored the Four Freedoms and depicted a bearded salt, who looked something like John himself, surrounded by several sets of wives and children. As one commentator sadly remarked, if it had been called "The Fish's Return" it might have had more bearing on the question of what we're fighting for, since London fishmongers' slabs are mostly like Mother Hubbard's cupboard these days.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

### PAY YOUR NICKEL

Whatever the backwardness of the Republic in the other fine arts, its sovereignty in the matter of cussing is incontestible. The progress that has been made in this department of research during the last fifteen or twenty years must be the envy and despair of the European and Asiatic nations. Although exact figures are not at hand, it is safe to say that never has swearing been brought to such a height of perfection as in the United States at the present day.—*From "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride," by George Jean Nathan.*

But *darn* and *doggone* are hardly more than proofs that profanity is not an American art. The chief national reliances are still *hell* and *damn,* both of them badly shop-worn. To support them we have nothing properly describable as a vocabulary of indecency. Our maid-of-all-work in that department is *son-of-a-bitch,* which seems as pale and ineffectual to a Slav or a Latin as *fudge* does to us. There is simply no lift in it, no shock, no sis-boom-ah. The dumbest policeman in Palermo thinks of a dozen better ones between breakfast and the noon whistle. —*From "The American Language," by H. L. Mencken.*

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

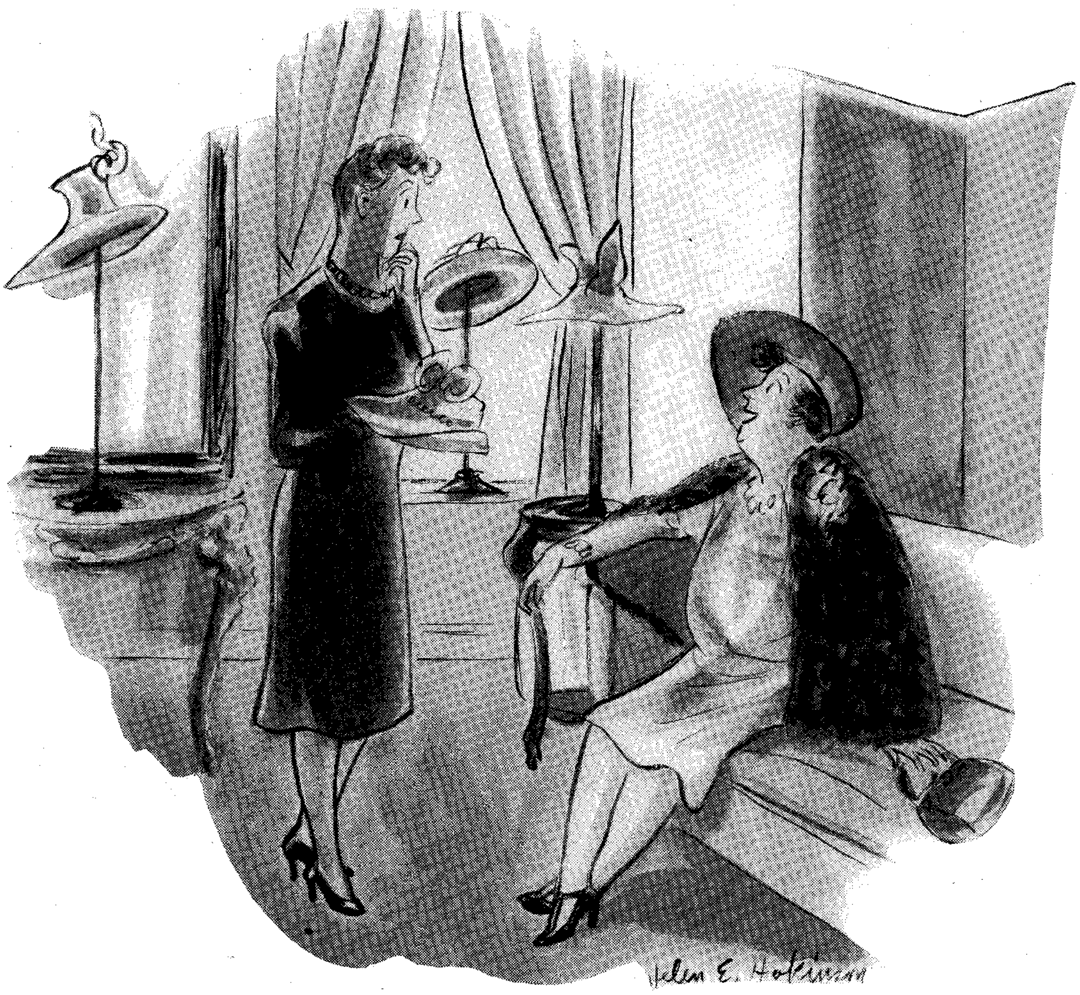
## ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE big advantage in coming along at this point to talk about Victory gardens is that since practically every writer who ever grew a radish has already told in print how to do it, I'm in a fine position to poke holes in everybody else's ideas while remaining reasonably safe from any comeback.

The first hole I want to poke, and I hope I can make it a good, big one, is in the suggestion that people ought to tear up their lawns and plant vegetables where grass used to grow. There was quite a little talk about this a while back, and if I'm in time to make only a few considerers of the idea hesitate, I don't care how many Victory turnips get thrown at my head for my unethical behavior. I'll give the originator of this plan, whoever he is, the benefit of the doubt and say that he probably was thinking of lawns planted in naturally fertile ground well away from the would-be gardener's house. Unfortunately, that isn't the kind of lawn most people have—not, anyway, people who have so little ground that they need to tear up a lawn to make room for vegetables. Ten to one, the grass alongside a house is growing, however lustily, in but a few inches of good earth which was brought in to cover the subsoil thrown out when the cellar was excavated, to say nothing of chunks of concrete and other rubble that collected during the building of the foundation. Spade under your good sod and it's this stuff that you bring to the surface, and try and grow any vegetables in *that!*

If the only available ground you have is such a lawn, you'll be doing more for your family and your country by leaving it in peace and either looking up some community garden you can share in, like those being planned by schools everywhere, or else making a deal with a neighbor who really has a good spot for growing vegetables. Maybe he'll be willing to plant enough for his family and yours in exchange for your working in his garden, or to consider some other arrangement, which might be that your household would do the canning for both families. Arrangements like this are being made all over. I know of one, for instance, between two neighbors, each with plenty of ground to spare. Neighbor A has had for years a big, flourishing vegetable garden, adequately fenced against rabbits and cared for by a full-time, experienced gardener with a green thumb. Neighbor B has never grown a vegetable in his life and wouldn't know where to begin, but he has canning equipment and a wife who knows how to use it. A's gardener suggested plowing up enough of B's ground to plant corn for both families. (B's soil is ideal for the purpose and not much good for anything else, having lain fallow for seasons on end.) Moving the corn out of A's garden will leave space for plenty of extra green vegetables. The two families will share all the crops, A's gardener doing the planting and maintenance and B's wife the canning. Of course, the possibilities of a feud that will last for generations are tremendous.

GETTING back to hole-poking, there's another point I'm always ready to take issue with. Garden literature this spring has talked even more glibly than usual about April planting, dropping only a casual hint here and there that it's a gamble at best in the case of almost any vegetable you can name. It took me about five years of trying to rush the season to arrive at the conclusion that April simply isn't safe hereabouts for any kind of seed except lettuce, and that if anything else I plant before the first week in May doesn't just rot away in the cold, wet ground, it's sheer luck. Nothing will persuade me ever again to trust even radishes, the traditional first garden crop, to April—not after what happened last year. My April sowings of radishes came up, all right, but the ground stayed cold and the globes grew slowly, which they shouldn't, and turned out to be so



*"I want a little hat that whispers 'April.'"*

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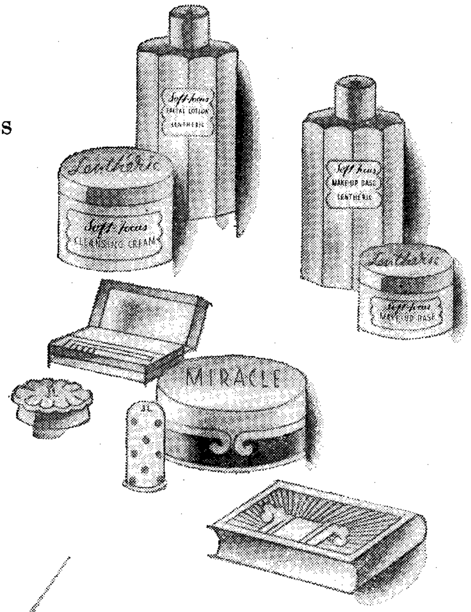
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wormy, woody, and tough that they weren't worth putting a tooth into. The first good radishes I got were the result of a sowing made the second week in May, and darned if this batch didn't almost catch up with the earlier ones.

Before getting away from the topic of early planting, I'd like to take up the subject of lettuce in more detail. When I say I plant lettuce in April, I mean I plant it right in the open ground without benefit of cold frames. The seed goes in the minute the ground becomes workable, regardless of how early in the month this phenomenon may happen. By the time I'm set to plant the main part of the garden I have a fine crop of lettuce seedlings all ready to be thinned out by transplanting; what remains in the seedbeds is allowed to grow up as leaf lettuce, which makes very nice eating in early-summer salads. My favorites are the curly, the butterball, and the Cos (or Romaine) varieties of lettuce; I ignore the highly recommended iceberg type. Iceberg lettuce stands hot weather better than any other kind and so will provide you with fresh salads further into the summer, but since I'd just as soon eat grass, I don't bother with it. Anyway, the Cos is almost as fine a laster and keeps its form a good week after the round-headed kinds have succumbed to the hot summer sun and shot up like trees, and no iceberg lettuce I ever ate can touch it for flavor.

I DON'T like the way garden articles talk about growing tomatoes, either. I agree fully that the plants should have support to keep the fruit off the ground while it's ripening, but I think that tying the vines to poles is a silly way to do it and that training the plants against a fence is almost as bad as letting them sprawl. Any time you want to find out how fractious and willful a tomato plant can be, try growing it on a pole. About the only way I know to make it stay there is to stand by and hold it up with both hands. As for the idea of using a fence, a ripening tomato that's pressed against it will rot as fast as one that's touching the earth, especially if a spell of damp weather comes along at the wrong time. Besides, a lot of the fruit will ripen unevenly because of getting sun only from one side. The best things I know for thwarting the fiendish determination of tomato plants to get back to earth are the three-legged ring supports used for growing peonies. Seed catalogues are still offering them, even though they're made of metal. Another good method, but one that requires carpentry, is to build a long, low, pup-tent sort of structure of widely spaced wood slats and set out the tomato plants on either side. They'll slump comfortably against the slanting sides, and it takes a minimum of tying to keep them there. This support needn't be higher than two and a half feet. It'll take a lot of the backache out of harvesting, too.

I'D like to know, also, why so many garden writers will go as far as to admit that a small planting of corn is no use at all but then stop at that. A large planting is no use, either, if it's grown in a single row, and how can a new gardener be expected to know that unless he's told? You need three or four rows of corn if you expect to get ears, because corn is fertilized by the wind blowing pollen from the tassels. Shorter rows and more of them is the way to plant corn if you are going to indulge yourself at all in such a wanton space-user this year.

The subject of space-users, by the way, is one on which I find myself in agreement with practically everyone who has written anything about gardens this spring. I don't think that cucumbers, however wonderful in summer salads, or most of the squashes have any place in the average Victory garden, because of the way they overrun everything by midsummer. It's a rare family which will consume more than half of the crop from just a couple of hills of cucumbers and an even rarer one, I think, which will want to stop to put up pickles this year. If you have to have squash, the old-fashioned yellow crook-neck kind is the most economical user of garden space. Acorn squash, about as succulent a fall variety as grows and a fairly good keeper, is another practical one. You can grow it among the corn, as farmers do with pumpkins, because it ripens late, after the corn has been cut down.

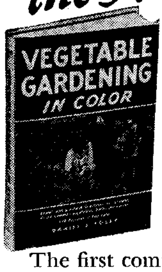
TO become critical again, I don't see why everybody thinks it is so urgent that this year's beginners, who are under a handicap anyway, should bother with seed flats to grow their own tomato, green pepper, and eggplant seedlings for transplanting later on. You can't tell me that most communities where vegetable-gardening is practical at all haven't some farms nearby which will be willing to sell handfuls of young transplants to home gardeners, just as they always have. That brings up another point: I don't think enough emphasis has been placed on eggplant in Victory gardens. It ought to be played up like mad as a meat substitute, which it certainly can be for summer meals. A good, big eggplant steak, cut thick and fried in the traditional crumbs and served with baked or broiled tomatoes, French-fried onions, and a green salad, can make me, for one, forget lamb chops any old time, and nothing produces a heartier, tastier casserole dish than eggplant diced in generous-sized, succulent chunks and baked with tomatoes, onions, and cheese. The Armenians, the Turks, and the Balkan peoples know how to use eggplant in several fine, exotic ways, too. Any international cookbook will let you in on their secrets, which are simple enough for an only moderately skillful cook to grasp.

Onions are another indispensable I don't think should be grown by amateurs from seed. The catalogues are still offering onion sets, or onion seedlings, and I think new gardeners ought to be urged to buy these instead of putting in time and labor on starting their own and then having to thin them out by transplanting. If you use sets, you have only one planting operation and, since onions must be set out with plenty of space between them for expansion, you can start right away working around them with a hoe to keep the weeds down and the soil cultivated. Of course, hoeing is no cinch, but it's far better than grubbing on your hands and knees, as you have to do in nursing the home-grown numbers.

FINALLY, what about growing a few rows, or even just one, of annual flowers in among vegetables? There's no law against the idea, but an astonishing number of people seem to believe there is. There ought to be room for a few feet of cut-and-come-again zinnias in anybody's vegetable garden, however small, and there's no reason in the world they shouldn't be growing there to provide cut flowers for the house the whole summer long.

In the entire list of new perennial flowers (not that there are so very many of them this season), I haven't seen one that appeals to me as much as the débutante Pinnochio rose, a cluster-blooming floribunda or baby-shrub type and an easy-to-grow kind. Pinnochio is a small rose—pink, with lots of yellow shading, and very full, like an old-time cabbage rose in miniature. You can get plants from Jackson & Perkins, the famous growers of Newark, Wayne County, New York, whose acquaintance you may have made in the Gardens on Parade at the World's Fair. If you are going to buy any perennial flowers at all this year, and I hope you are, look into this new floribunda rose. It's really a little sweetheart. —B. B.

Successful Gardening on the Home Front



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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Collector's Item*

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FRITZ LANG'S current picture, "The Last Will of Dr. Mabuse," should unquestionably be seen by Fritz Lang enthusiasts, because it has some of the touches that have established the Viennese director as a sort of prophet in the motion-picture world. It should probably be seen also by those who have never heard of Mr. Lang, because they ought to get to know something about a prophet. In between these two categories there is presumably a third, large one, composed of people who have seen one or two Lang films and don't care if they don't see another right away. This last group might base its stand on a preference for the smoother mechanics of American productions. Such a stand is especially valid in Mr. Lang's case because his films tend to be not only foreign but old. This particular one is a French version made several years ago of a German picture made a few years before that; in 1933, to be exact. The characters in it, when they break into a run, still show that old, cinematic speed that used to be the envy of Charlie Paddock.

For the benefit of the aforesaid enthusiasts, "The Last Will of Dr. Mabuse" is a sequel to "Dr. Mabuse" (1922). In an introduction which he wrote recently and which appears on the screen, Mr. Lang says that this sequel was made as an allegory, that he had hoped to expose, by putting Nazi doctrines in the mouths of the gang of criminals depicted in the film, the political menace that was just then cropping up. It's not quite clear to whom is due the credit for this early perspicacity, Mr. Lang's implication being that it belongs to him and the facts indicating that it must belong to either Thea von Harbou, who wrote the original scenario, or one René Sti, who did the French adaptation. Allegory or no allegory, and whoever the allegorician, the story is about a gang which carries out the orders of a mad genius and goes on doing so, in an eerie way, after he dies. The criminals, whose work includes counterfeiting, arson, and murder, are ultimately rounded up by a police inspector played by a certain Jim Gérald. It is M. Gérald who really puts the pic-

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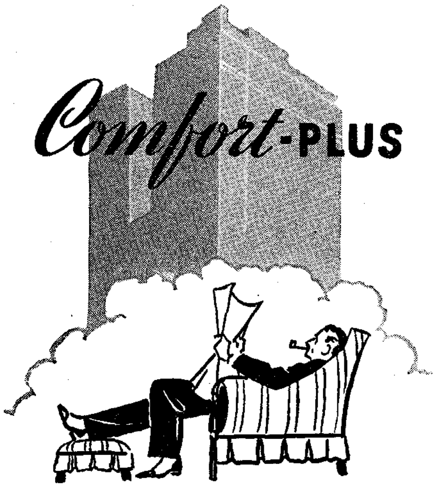

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ture on its feet. Without him it would be a fast-moving but jerky melodrama, a good deal less tense than, for example, "M." With him it has a nice piece of acting. Incidentally, there are English titles, which reminds me that something needs to be said about English titles in general, but the subject will take a little more study.

A SHINY new American product which also owes a lot to one performer is "Slightly Dangerous," with Robert Young and Lana Turner. The performer creditor is Mr. Young, who is equipped with a few funny lines and does very well with them and with others which are not. He plays the part of a department-store manager who is suspected of having driven a female clerk to suicide and consequently loses his job. He sets about finding her to prove that she's not dead and discovers that she has palmed herself off as the long-lost daughter of a millionaire and would rather not be exposed. This idea, parts of the dialogue, and Mr. Young are to the good, but there's not much to go with them. Things, generally, just take too long to happen.

"POWERS GIRL" is all about women—beautiful ones, to be sure, but still women. Many of them are played by real Powers girls, if that will win you. A couple have actual speeches, which is occasionally a mistake, but most have merely been photographed and turned loose again. The chief professionals in the cast are Carole Landis, Anne Shirley, and George Murphy, the last of whom, oddly enough, is another example of a fellow who has made the most of his material. That makes three good actors in a week.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

## RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From the Mexico News, Mexico City*]

During my recent trip to Havana, when your eloquence thundered from the illustrious Brazilian platform in the continental trumpet like a triumphal hymn I had the pleasure of hearing from many eminent countrymen of mine many references and reminiscences of your journey through the island of our and your Marti, because the bullet-riddled martyr of Dos Rios, who is for the Cubans what Washington was and is for the North-Americans, first in war, first in peace and first in the heart of his countrymen, loved Mexico with the passion of a man-in-love, as only a man twenty-five years of age can cherish the illusion of a pair of burning eyes or the hope of a happy love, or to express it in his own words, as the carnation loves the glare of dawn.

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# ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES

I HAD decided, three years ago, to spend the winter in Mexico. Beyond that I had no definite plans, so when a friend of mine who knows everybody everywhere called me up a few days before my departure, it seemed to me that her call was happily opportune. "How would you like to rent a lovely little house in Acapulco?" she asked. "It has all the modern conveniences and it belongs to Señor Alvarez, the most charming man in Mexico. He is descended from a conquistador on one side and Benito Juarez on the other and is, as it happens, a great friend of mine. All you'll have to take is a few summer dresses and a bathing suit, as the climate . . ." She went on to tell me about Acapulco, and about the electric icebox, the gas stove, and the magnificent plumbing in the house owned by the gentleman in whose veins flowed the so dissimilar bloods of a Spanish grandee and a distinguished Indian.

One could hardly ask more of a house anywhere, so once arrived in Mexico City, I lost no time in looking up my landlord-to-be, the fascinating Señor Alvarez. I found him presiding over the bar he now manages there.

"You will *love* my house," he declared with the most tender enthusiasm. "You are the first to occupy it and it has all the modern conveniences." He enumerated the ones I'd heard already and added a two-car garage. "Also, there is a complete staff there to serve you—a cook, a perfect houseboy from the hacienda of my people in Nuevo León, and a night watchman of the highest character. It is only half an hour out of the town and has the finest view in Acapulco."

It was certainly true about the view. In fact, after the car which took me from Mexico City to Acapulco had wonderfully got itself up the perpendicular road to the top of the cliff, the view quite took away what was left of my breath. The white-walled, red-tiled villa was anchored to the extreme edge of a precipice, with nothing at all in front and below but the hyacinth-blue floor of the Pacific Ocean.

A number of masons were working on something which would one day be the garage and I was met at the door by a vigorous, black-browed fellow with powerful shoulders, a flashing smile, and a very dirty white coat that didn't fit. This was Vasilio, the perfect houseboy, whose previous experience, I soon learned, had been confined to caring for the fighting bulls which are bred on the hacienda of Señor Alvarez's family.

In the kitchen, Flora, the cook—fat, cozy, very dark—stood placidly beside the gas stove and among various electric gadgets intended to simplify a cook's work, smoking a cigar. She could not, she said, prepare dinner because there was no charcoal brazier on which to cook, so she departed with permission to bring a brazier when she returned in the morning. The masons, too, knocked off and went away, and Vasilio, recalling certain commissions Señor Alvarez had required him to perform in town, left with the promise to return before dark.

A rather deathly loneliness descended upon the place. There was no other house in sight, no telephone, no passersby. The sun slid below the horizon, eventually to bring dawn to the Philippine Islands, some thousands of miles away in a direct line from my front porch. A theatrical moon swam up the sky, and there was no sound but the rhythmic crash and murmur of the sea on the rocks far below.

I didn't exactly like it. I have lived, as it happens, in far more remote parts of Mexico, since my husband used to own a coffee plantation which was two days by muleback from the nearest railway, in the jungle-covered foothills of the Gulf coast. But it was twenty years ago that I had lived at the plantation and besides Acapulco was different. It had wakened too suddenly and too recently from its four hundred years' sleep. Even when I'd seen it a few years before, it was the same dreamy, ancient sea town that had been a famous port of call on one of the great trade routes of the Indies. Now it was enjoying a violent boom and riffraff from all parts of Mexico had gathered there. I wished the night watchman would come. But he didn't. Neither did Vasilio, the perfect houseboy. Nothing, in fact, was seen of Vasilio for three days and nights, during which time he was, Flora told me, "going about the streets with music, very drunk and playing the guitar."

My first night was full of alarms. I heard nameless sounds; I recalled the masons, who looked more like professional apaches than members in good standing of a building-trades union. Flora, clearly, would have to sleep in the house. But this, when approached on the subject the next day, she firmly refused to do.

"Why not?"

"Because the night watchman might come around."

"But isn't that what he's supposed to do?"

"Yes, but I don't want to be here when they kill him."

"When who kills him?"

"The friends of the man he killed last week."

This sounded reasonable. If you know Mexico well, you take for granted a certain amount of casual killing among friends. At our coffee plantation it had been rather continuous. The night I arrived there for the first time a young man lay in the moonlit patio stabbed to death in a quarrel over a dog. Indeed, it was said locally that the land on our plantation was rich because a murdered man was buried at the foot of every coffee tree. These goings on, however, were strictly personal and social, and had nothing whatever to do with us, the owners. But, alone in Acapulco, I did not feel the same immunity.

It was, therefore, with relief the next morning that I welcomed one of those inexplicable persons you find only in countries like Mexico. I found him perched, like a skinny fowl, on the balcony railing—an ancient, dessicated little man, wearing a white cotton pajama suit and a sombrero, and possessing nothing else in the whole world, apparently, not even a name, since he was known simply as the Old One. He had, he stated, come to look after me until the night watchman deemed it wise to come out of hiding.

He took his duties seriously. All night long he would squat beside a little fire, his great hat tilted forward over his small, bright, studying Indian eyes, and when day came, he would return, seemingly with no need for sleep, to his vantage post on the railing. There he watched with intent and amused curiosity, and a look of faintly satiric wonder, everything that went on.

Vasilio, unrepentant, returned in due time. Gradually, too, the masons became part of the family. No particular progress was made on the garage, although they did occasionally work on it. The rest of the time they played musical instruments, shaved at a mirror they'd nailed to the patio wall, laughed and gossiped with Flora, or were just absent altogether. In Mexico, where it's almost impossible to fire anybody without paying a huge fine, employers are not exigent.

DAYS of unreal beauty succeeded each other. The sun shone, the burning, liquid heat was threaded through with the fresh breath of the ocean. At night all the constellations of the southern sky wheeled across the dark abyss before my terrace. All day in the deep, wild ravine beyond the house enormous lizards, six feet long, came out to sun themselves on the rocks. They would lie absolutely motionless, their strange heads lifted toward the sea. The color of these creatures, a kind of inorganic purple, and the wildness and emptiness of the scene gave one a feeling of looking far back in time to some altogether prehuman world.

I made, however, the mistake of mentioning my interest in the lizards and was that afternoon disturbed by whoops and yells from the ravine. There, far below, dwarfed to the size of dolls, I saw Vasilio, the Old One, and all the masons, trousers rolled up, armed with ropes and clubs, crawling and scrambling about trying to lasso me a lizard. All they did, of course, was to drive them away for good. I was very much annoyed and Flora was disappointed too, in her own way. Lizards, she said, were very good to eat, especially with pepper sauce.

At last the final member of the household turned up. It was Raoul, the night watchman. I have never seen anyone anywhere like Raoul—never anyone so violently young, so violently alive, with such a mad, faunlike face. His symmetrical body seemed to be set on steel springs. He fairly dripped knives and pistols and patrolled at night with a long rifle on his shoulder. In his wake a young lady shyly materialized and soon a joint cot was set up in the patio. Then three extremely bad-tempered roosters were found tied to the front-door post. These turned out to be fighting cocks, also the property of Raoul.

About this time I too acquired a guest. A charming English lady dropped in for supper and stayed two weeks. She brought with her a Great Dane, a Scottie, and—don't ask me why—a donkey, which she stabled in the unfinished garage, a place already occupied by a scrawny goat, won by one of the retainers in a game of chance.

So now my house had taken on the familiar patriarchal Mexican air. It had been like that in the old days at our plantation. Guests, usually unexpected,

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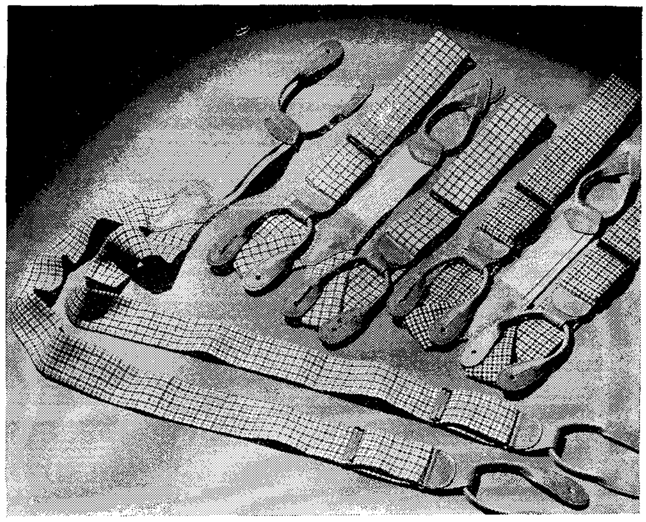

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horses and dogs of guests, servants of guests, and guests of servants arrived and often forgot to depart. Nobody knew where they came from or why, or who, exactly, they were. And in a primitive establishment such as ours had been then, one that was truly self-sufficient and self-sustaining, it didn't matter. But it was different in Acapulco; this was town life, modern life, and slowly my highly mechanized household moved toward complete collapse.

"Why aren't the dishes washed?"

"Because there isn't any water, Señora."

"Where is Vasilio?"

"He is gone to fix the *bomba*."

I never knew what the *bomba* was, though Vasilio, carrying a large monkey wrench, disappeared over the hill each day to repair it. I heard later that the wrench was camouflage and that he was really calling on his girl in the town.

Occasionally, with a series of explosions and machine-gun rattlings, the water came on and dishes and humans could be washed. But not for long. Then, in the same capricious manner as the water, the electricity began to withdraw until the blackout became permanent and the hum of the icebox was silenced for aye. Strangely, too, the faucets that no longer gave out any water began to give out electric shocks. Even the red-tiled floor sent electric thrills up your spine. But, unfortunately, although the water faucets gave out electricity, the electric lights did not give out water. Nor did anything else.

Dirty dishes piled mountain high. Flora made herself a chaise longue out of empty boxes and reclined all day in the shade. I sent out frantic appeals to something called the *Fraccionadora*, and finally electricians came. They swarmed over the house, naked to the waist, red bandannas about their brows, cigarettes stuck to their lower lips. They tore out the walls, ripped out the fixtures, left live wires dangling from every ceiling. They sat on ladders, chatting, whistling, eating, taking a lively interest in my activities and none whatever in their own. I dined by candlelight; food rotted in the electric icebox. Men came from the water company, but no water. Smells came from everything and everywhere. And on a morning of divine tropical beauty I simply took leave of Acapulco.

The patio was filled with sleeping people. Only Vasilio, the Old One, Raoul, and Flora were awake. Flora, her head swathed in a blue *rebozo*, cooked breakfast on her charcoal brazier, precisely as our plantation cook had done twenty years before.

As we said goodbye, I thought how happy these people would be if they could live on undisturbed; if they could forget all about the running water and the electric icebox, which, the last time I opened it, had become a repository for Vasilio's shoes; if they could let the live wires dangle, fight Raoul's gamecocks in the red-tiled living room; drink, play the guitar, and dream away Acapulco's matchless days.

But they can't. Progress is upon them. Also war, bringing Acapulco, I have no doubt, with its many strategic values, altogether up to date.

THIS is not quite all, however, about my visit there. It isn't all about Raoul. He was, I learned later, found one morning with six bullet holes in his breast, very dead indeed, which was sad to hear of a person who had been so superlatively endowed with life.

There is, too, another footnote. I was at a luncheon not long ago in Mexico City. A young German was present who heard with interest that I had been in Acapulco. "Oh, you know that city?" he exclaimed.

"Well, in a way."

"Then," he said importantly, "maybe you know that my company installed the fine new waterworks there. I myself am responsible for the wonderful new waterworks of Acapulco."

"Are you, perchance, responsible for the electric lights as well?"

"Well, no, although it is probable that our engineers assisted in an advisory capacity."

And that is the end of it, except for Señor Alvarez, to whom, charm being what it is, I made no mention of any slight inconveniences I suffered as his tenant. —GRACE FLANDRAU

•

She and her former husband, Erskine Caldwell, spent several months in that hotspot. Margaret is now on her own, and "Skinny," as she called Caldwell, married a youngster not long ago. Stores here teach us not to expect matching accessories now. —*Alice Hughes in the Dayton (Ohio) Daily News.*

Ah, there, Mr. C.!

•

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a story by Adela Rogers St. John in the Ladies' Home Journal*]

But the hairs on the back of his neck, which had once won him the Pulitzer prize, informed him there was something wrong here, something deeper than a mere love tangle.

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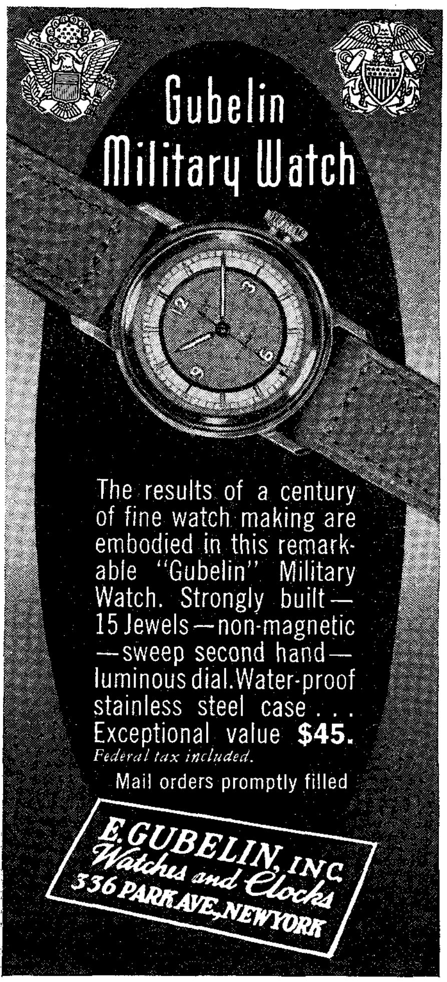
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Concert Records*

IF you haven't yet acquired a recording of Sibelius's seventh symphony, and of course if you want one, you now have still another version to examine. The latest to be released is by the Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia M-524), who makes a fine, sounding performance of it. For good measure, there's the "Mélisande" excerpt from Sibelius's "Pelléas and Mélisande" music. It's pleasant, but it won't make many people unfaithful to Debussy. Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" suite, which has had frequent recordings, goes into another edition with a new presentation by the N.B.C. Symphony, directed by Leopold Stokowski (Victor DM-933). That makes three Stokowski performances of this suite, each with a different orchestra. The earlier participants are the Philadelphia (Victor M-291) and the All-American Youth (Columbia M-466). Which to buy? The answer depends somewhat on which happens to be available where you get your discs. This new one is excellent in any case. The spare side goes to Mr. Stokowski's own instrumentation of Tchaikovsky's "Humoresque."

Along comes also another set of Schumann's quintet in E flat for piano and strings (Columbia M-533), the pianist being Rudolf Serkin and his collaborators the Busch Quartet. All in all, this album is as good as any that have been issued of this music, and there have been some good ones. Mr. Serkin is especially effective. The quintet has a little less tonal beauty than you might wish, but nothing is missing in the way of energy and musicianship.

IN the not-so-often-done department, you'll find two concert waltzes by Glazunov—one in D major, Op. 47, and another in F major, Op. 51. Only the former has been recorded previously, I believe. Neither is extra-important, although both are set forth agreeably by the Chicago Symphony, conducted by the late Frederick Stock (Columbia X-232). Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso," a comparative rarity in its orchestral version, gets a straightforward exposition from the Cleveland Orches-



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tra, led by Artur Rodzinski (Columbia 11910-D). A real first is a "Symphonie Moderne," composed by Max Steiner on a theme by Max Rabinowitsch and poured forth efficiently by the Janssen Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles, Werner Janssen in charge (Victor 11-8311). The composition is the sort of thing that makes people snort "Hollywood," and "Hollywood" can be snorted pretty resoundingly by experts. It doesn't really demonstrate the special gifts of Mr. Steiner.

THERE'S a new album of unusual melodies, sung with great conviction by Paul Robeson, who is ably accompanied at the piano by Lawrence Brown. It's called "Songs of Free Men" (Columbia M-534) and contains songs of Russian, Spanish, German, and American origin. Mr. Robeson sings the foreign songs both in the original languages and in translation. Especially striking is one from a German concentration camp.

Richard Crooks has assembled some oratorio airs into an album (Victor M-934), providing excerpts from "The Messiah," "Samson," "Judas Maccabæus," "St. Paul," and "Elijah." Mr. Crooks does well by this music and the recording does well by his voice. The orchestra is led capably by Charles O'Connell. An important feature of the collection is the relative freedom from the pomposity known as "oratorio diction." It slips in only here and there, which is uncommon in this sort of work.

If you enjoy melodies by Porter, Berlin, Kern, Youmans, Schwartz, Friml, Gershwin, and Rodgers and would like to hear them without any funny business in the way of "styling," listen to "Musical Show Hits," sung by Gladys Swarthout (Victor M-935). Now and then a touch of concert style turns up, but most of the way Miss Swarthout lets the songs ride naturally and effectively, and her voice is rich all through its long range. The orchestrations are swell and so is the conductor, but the label doesn't tell you who he is. Maybe there's a prize for the correct guess. —R. A. S.

•

NEW YORK—(A.P.)—A Queens housewife looked glumly into her cupboard to see how many cans she had before registering. She pulled out one can of peas. Behind it lay her husband's most prized and long missing pair of golf links.—*Birmingham (Ala.) News.*

That's nothing. We pulled out a sack of sugar and there was Rhode Island.

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# BOOKS

## *Vincent Sheean and Others*

IN one of the chapters of his new book, "Between the Thunder and the Sun," Vincent Sheean remarks that he does not believe the American people are capable of being moved to action by rational argument. He thinks we are "convinced by events, persuaded by passions, swayed by great currents of feeling not always open to analysis." He has no faith in "propaganda" and is certain that we would not be in the war today were it not for the electric shock of Pearl Harbor.

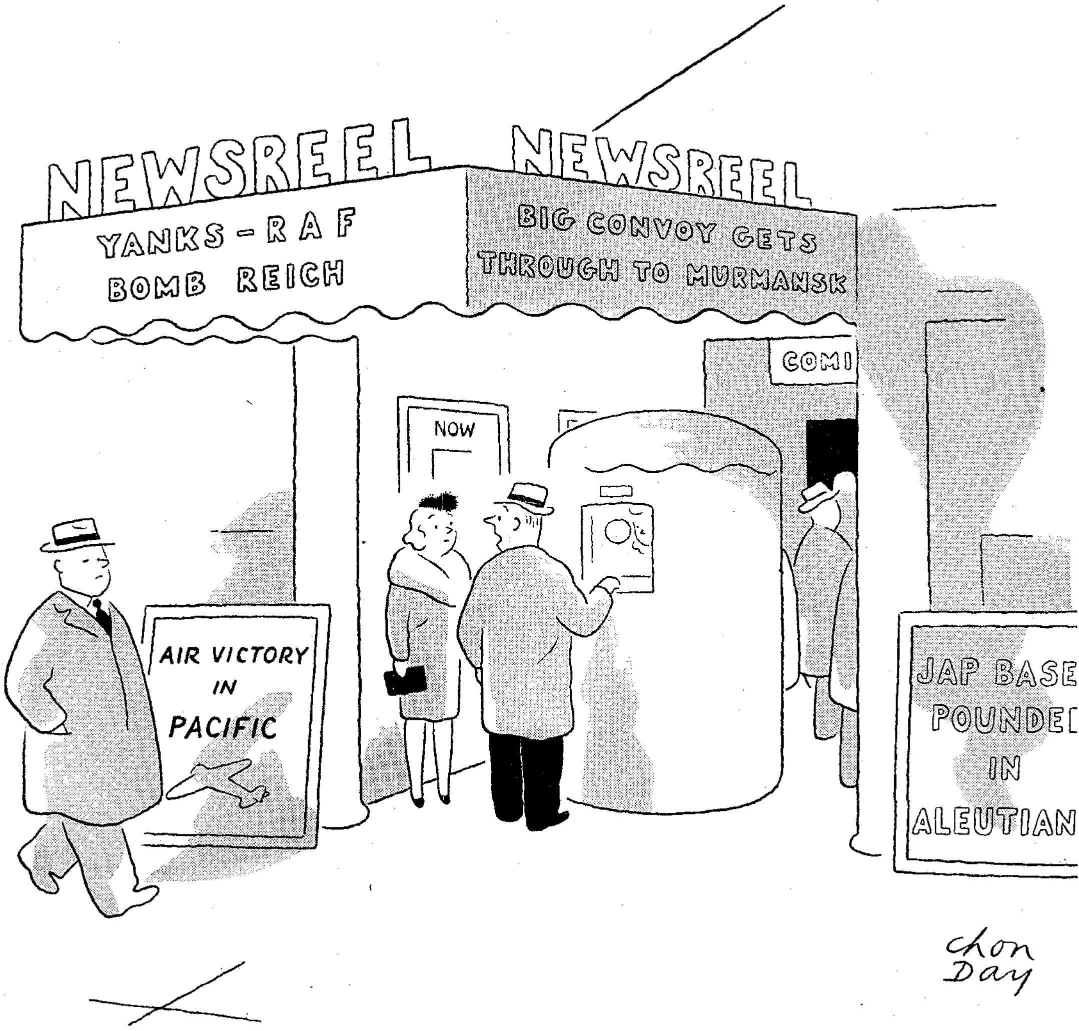
If this is so, it becomes rather difficult to assess Mr. Sheean's admirable books, particularly this one, for if they are not propaganda (and good propaganda), I do not know what they are. "Between the Thunder and the Sun," in its more serious moments, draws a picture of Europe and Asia from 1938 through 1941, the net result of which is to convince any intelligent reader of three things: one, that the war was inevitable; two, that the Fascist side is plainly and simply the side of evil; three, that we should have been in the war long ago. If Mr. Sheean does not believe in rational persuasion, he should cease to write books or at least cease to let them be published.

"Between the Thunder and the Sun" is a brilliant but uneven addendum to "Personal History." Its most valuable chapters eloquently confirm certain familiar facts: the dry rot of prewar France, the tragic plight of the Italians, "compelled by their enemies to fight against their friends," and the superb quality of the conduct of the British lower classes during the big blitz. Mr. Sheean, who is always there when things happen, offers plenty of new and personal documentation. Consequently, though his conclusions are not unfamiliar, his book does not read like a rehash.

There are certain fresh insights, too. He spent some time in Chungking and his experiences there prompt him to point out that China is not a democracy, that the Kuomintang, far from being an expression of national solidarity, is merely an Oriental Tammany Hall, and that some of the advisors of Chiang Kai-shek are by no means opposed to Fascism of the German variety.

When Mr. Sheean is offering comments on the world scene, he is, as always, fresh, vigorous, and superbly intelligent. Unfortunately, not all of the book is on this level. A great deal of it might have been written by Elsa Maxwell. Mr. Sheean, of course, has a perfect right to choose his own associates, but I do not believe that he has a right to bore people with long anecdotes about the picturesque and wealthy nonentities who infested the Riviera up to the outbreak of the war. Mr. Sheean's affection for the wellborn and famous is candid. I don't think, however, that the record of this affection, or rather fascination, belongs in a book as serious as "Between the Thunder and the Sun."

IN "Fantastic Interim," Henry Morton Robinson has undertaken the depressing task of telling us what we were like from 1919 to 1941. In the perspective of future years it will probably be seen that the first half of this period marked an all-time low in our national conduct. Mr. Robinson's book is quite frankly an indictment of a shameless era, as well as a lively picture of the fads and follies in which we indulged, he thinks, in order to blind ourselves to the realities of the epoch of Harding and Coolidge. Mr. Robinson, a Jeremiah with a sense of humor, wishes us to remember not only that the Harding Cabinet consisted largely of swine and knaves but that for the most part we, the citizenry, were wholly content to overlook or excuse the fact. He rakes up all the vulgarities of that fantastic period and the confu-



*"Remember how we used to dread going in here?"*

sions and ostrichism of isolationist politics during Mr. Roosevelt's first two terms.

This might make rather doleful reading were it not that Mr. Robinson commands an extremely pungent vocabulary and lays about him with an epithetical vigor that recalls Mencken in his earlier days. There is nothing new in "Fantastic Interlude," but Mr. Robinson says it very well.

IN 1865 there was born a man who turned out to be one of the most valuable citizens the South has produced since the Civil War. This man, born in extreme poverty, made his way upward step by step until he became a scientist of international repute and one of the foremost agricultural chemists of the world. The purpose of his life was to redress the economic disequilibrium of the South. By his work on the peanut and the sweet potato he did a great deal to replace the South's single-crop system with something more commercially practical. His plant and soil experiments, conducted in the laboratory of one of the South's leading universities, and his work in synthetics, in the processing of dehydrated foods, and in the mining and processing of china clays, are just a few of the hundreds of achievements that stand to his credit. Totally devoid of race prejudice, he helped black and white farmer alike, and his devotion to his fellow-citizens throughout a long career was almost Christlike in its sweetness and self-abnegation.

You will find his life described, rather sentimentally, it is true, in Rackham Holt's "George Washington Carver." Dr. Carver, who taught and labored at Tuskegee for many years, had, through an accident of biology, rather more melanin in his skin than most of us. Someday it will be possible to write a biography of him without mentioning this unimportant fact.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

A HORROR story is never completely satisfactory without a homey touch. In "Experiment Perilous," by Margaret Carpenter, a first novel by a new author, the homey touch is in evidence from the beginning, when young Dr. Huntingdon Bailey, a successful physician and scientist, first sees his *femme fatale*, the elderly Miss Clarissa Bederaux, on an airplane en route to New York, to the end, when he decides that the country is the best place for children. Clarissa Bederaux sings a siren

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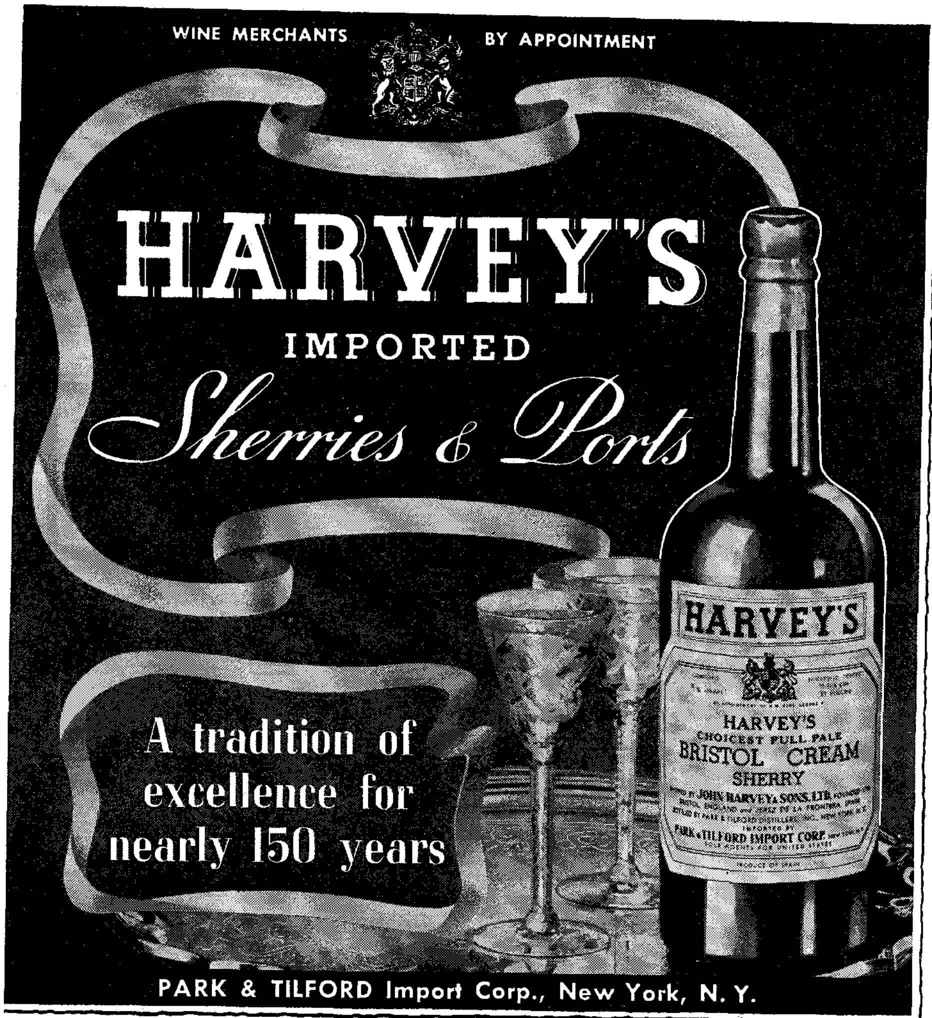

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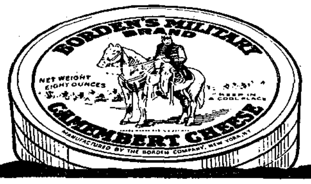

*July 1, 1943*
*is closing date for the*

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PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST

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song that tells of tea served in front of an open fire, brewed in an earthenware pot, of a five-year-old nephew, of a sister-in-law named Allida, who is "so sweet, so sweet." Because Miss Bederaux is an old lady who quotes from Louisa Alcott's "Rose in Bloom" and orders filet mignon when she asks a man to lunch with her, Dr. Bailey, a solitary man who would like to be left alone, is ensnared by her on the plane, and when the plane makes a forced landing, he is drawn further into her net on a train. He half listens to her rather birdlike twitterings and recommends his own hotel to her when they arrive in New York. When Miss Bederaux's overnight case is delivered to his room in place of his typewriter, her spell over him is complete. But by this time Miss Bederaux is dead—has died, in fact, as she sips tea brewed in an earthenware pot at her brother Nicholas's house, died as she has finished sipping the tea poured by his wife, Allida, who is "so sweet, so sweet."

Later Dr. Bailey meets Allida and falls in love with her, and he meets the fascinating Nicholas, a patron of the arts, while all the time Clarissa Bederaux's childlike ghost pushes him into folly and danger. The end of this fine, absorbing story is slightly disappointing, but only perfectionists will complain about it. The rest of the tale is shot with chills and a ghastly premonition of disaster. "Experiment Perilous" is the finest story of its kind since Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." It is written with great vitality and sureness and, most important of all, it has delicacy and humor.

—SALLY BENSON

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

RUNNING TO PARADISE, by John Lodwick. A story of the French defeat as seen by an Englishman in the Foreign Legion. The hero goes through the Battle of Soissons and the futile second Battle of the Marne. He deserts with the intention of escaping to join the British Army, is captured by the Nazis, escapes to unoccupied France, only to become the prisoner of the corrupt and stupid remnant of the Third Republic, and escapes once more to Spain. The material is superb and comes through as a great story in spite of the author's frankly opportunist attitude (he blithely admits in the foreword that he joined the Legion just to get a story). Mr. Lodwick is in urgent need of a course in elementary English grammar; his publishers need a proofreader almost as badly. Despite all this, the book lives.

### GENERAL

Round Trip to Russia, by Walter Graebner. The author found the Russians fighting hard and cheerfully in the critical summer and autumn of 1942. More than likely, he thinks, they really believe in their system and like it more now than ever, even though civilians go hungry and consumer goods hardly exist. Good reporting that catches the feel of things, but the writing is nothing special. Some of the material has appeared in the Luce magazines. Better-than-average photographs.

Way for America, by Alexander Laing. A somewhat reconstructed Wilsonian idealist reappraises prewar diplomacy, especially the British, and calls for a new declaration of moral principles (the text is given) to be put in force after the war. Some good chapters, but the book is generally rather wordy and not very concrete, and occasionally it is naïve.

Tunis Expedition, by Darryl F. Zanuck. Rapid-fire account of American operations in North Africa to December 10th, by the ex-Hollywood producer who directed some sixty-five Army and Navy cameramen in action and supervised the making of the film "At the Front," now on view hereabouts. Vivid eyewitness stuff. Foreword by Damon Runyon and official photographs.

The First Century of Flight in America, by Jeremiah Milbank, Jr. Fascinating and scholarly survey, beginning in 1784, of the little-known early American "professors" of flying and their odd craft—balloons, for the most part. Curious contemporary illustrations, and the book is nicely designed.

As You Were, edited by Alexander

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BEWARE OF PARENTS, by George Jean Nathan. Gratuitous advice from a bachelor, intended to confirm a child's worst suspicions about the hypocrisy of his parents. Hypocritical itself, of course (obviously the kids aren't going to understand Mr. Nathan's references to Kossuth and "Lady Audley's Secret"), but parents may give a look, to their pleasure and profit. Frontispiece, and rakish drawings by Whitney Darrow, Jr.

•

This, it was argued, is the situation where the commission cannot from all the facts infer the ultimate fact that the accident occurred in the course of the employment with any more probability that it occurred outside of the course of employment. "To infer," answered the court, means "to bring into, to bring forward" (Webster's International Dictionary, second edition). The very process of inference involves the process of one fact or set of facts pushing forward in the mind the probability of the inferred fact. Sometimes the basic fact or facts from which the inference arises strongly urge to any reasonable mind the inferred fact. At other times, the process of inference is more tenuous. And true it is that, where the fact attempted to be inferred is pushed or carried out of the basic facts with no more urgency than some other fact, the inferences are said to be equal and cancel each other. Perhaps the more accurate way to state the proposition is that the mind in its natural functioning does not bring forward any fact from the underlying facts, because, being in a condition of equipoise, no inferable fact is brought forward or pushed out of the underlying facts as a natural conclusion. The question arises, Have we such a situation in this case?—*From the Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Well—yes and no.

•

R.I. WOMAN FOUND
WALKING IN RAIN

ATTLEBORO—A Pawtucket woman found walking in the rain in Washington Street, South Attleboro, about 10 last night was brought to police headquarters for questioning and later returned to the state line where she could get bus connection to her home. The woman told Officers Raymond Gazzola and Paul Morrison that she had got out of an automobile in which she had been riding with a man. They reported that she appeared reluctant to answer their questions.—*Pawtucket Times.*

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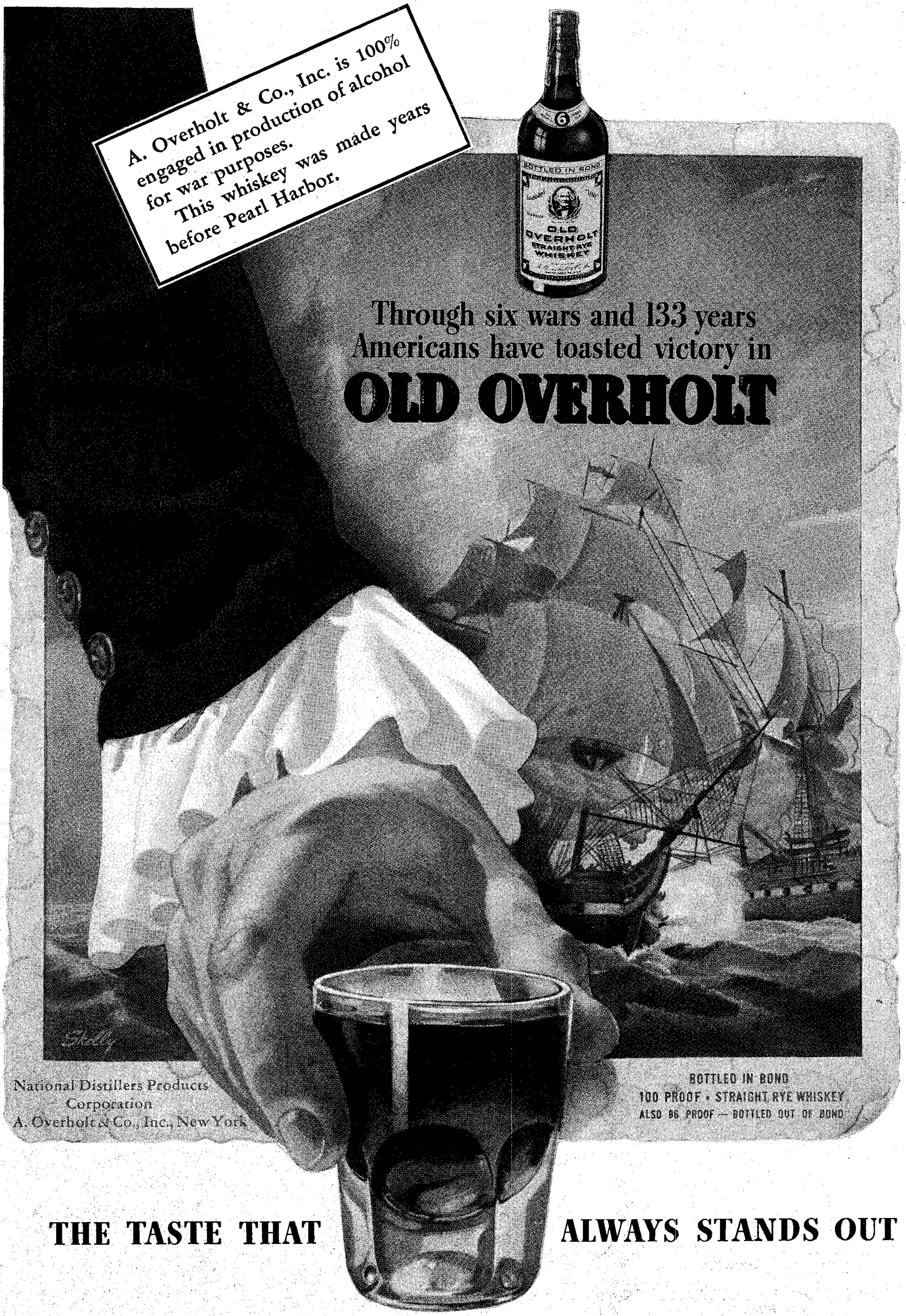
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